JOHN BULL, APRIL 29, 1939. VOL. LXV. 1715

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

When did you last have a Guinness?

Yesterday? A week ago? Then probably the mere mention of Guinness makes your mouth water. That creamy, lingering head. That invigorating flavour. A-a-ah! You don't need *us* to describe it.

But if you haven't had a Guinness for some months, what a lot you've been missing! Whatever you've had in the meantime, you've had nothing like a Guinness. Because there *is* nothing like a Guinness.

Come and have one now. The very first taste will tell you 'This is the real thing.' So full of satisfying body and strength, yet so clean and refreshing. A taste you won't tire of. A taste that is Guinness and Guinness alone. Guinness is more than a grand drink. -A doctor has called it* 'the finest tonic we possess.' Whenever you're nervy, run-down, on edge, or just plain tired, go and have a Guinness.

Better still, start having a Guinness a day. Guinness is good for you.

**Quoted from the letter of a doctor with his special permission.*

G.E.844.F

watch

NEWS REVIEW

EVERY THURSDAY

6D.

IT was past midnight and the family were sound asleep. Little did they know that downstairs smoke was belching from under the sitting-room door practically filling the hall. Suddenly there was a choking cry from one of the family. Quickly waking, the others all hurried downstairs, and flinging open the sitting-room door, met sheets of flame.

Outside came shouts of "Fire! Fire!" In a very few moments the brigade were on the spot, but the fire had gained a firm hold. Despite all efforts, when daylight came it was seen that the once cosy little home was a scene of devastation.

What if such a catastrophe were to befall your home? Would you be entitled, as they were, to receive a prompt cheque under the exclusive fire section of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift?

"JOHN BULL" IS YOUR SAFEGUARD.

"John Bull" is still *the only paper in the world* to safeguard its registered readers' precious possessions against damage by FIRE, STORM, and FLOOD and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£545 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone "John Bull" distributed no less than £545 16s. 9d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:

Household & Sickness Benefits	£378 16 9
Accident Benefits—	
Adults	£50 0 0
Children's Accidents...	£117 0 0

Here are just a few letters received from readers—letters that are typical of the big mail received.

PROMPT AID.

"I beg to acknowledge with much appreciation your cheque received this morning in respect of damage done by fire; also to express my gratitude for your generous sympathy in dealing with my case in a just and expeditious manner."

B. J. B., Stourport-on-Severn.

A BOON.

"Thank you for the cheque which I received from your free insurance. Little did I realize what a boon it was for me, to be able to replace some of the clothing, goods, etc., which were burnt." *G. H., Cardiff.*

KINDLY CONSIDERATION.

"I have to acknowledge, with sincere thanks, receipt of cheque in full settlement of my application. May I add that I appreciate very highly the sympathetic, fair and kindly consideration extended to me by 'John Bull.'

A. R. G., Edinburgh.

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"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

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JOHN BULL

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Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 29/4/39.

CUT HERE

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.

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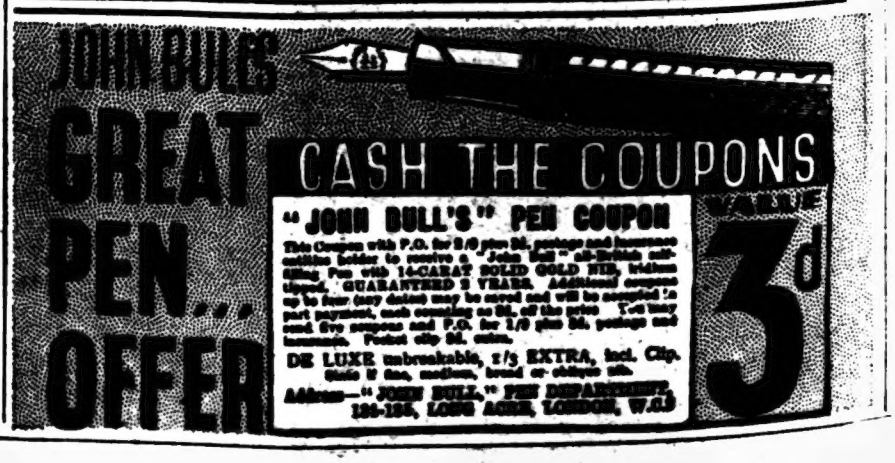
Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 29/4/39.



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J.B. 56

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30ft. Finest Quality Canes fitted Best Brass Screws and Sockets, 18 in. Bass Chimney Brush. Postage 1/-, Archimedean Drain cleaner included. Cash refunded if not satisfied.

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SMUGGLERS used to come to this old inn —The George Inn, Alfriston, Sussex. This work tells you the stories of old inns and other quaint places in our countryside.

LOOK BELOW

at just a few of the subjects dealt with in this great work

★ BIRDS

The birds of Britain, their nests, eggs and migratory habits—how to recognise birds—chaffinch, blackbird, swallow, bluetit, ravens, kestrel hawk, etc.

Marvels of Pond and River Life. The curious habits and life of strange creatures of the ponds and streams of Britain—mussel, stickleback, pike, crayfish, spawn, etc.

★ TREES

How to recognise the trees of Britain — habits of growth, methods of reproduction, characteristic features and foliage, etc.

Wild Animals of the Countryside. The characteristics, life and habits of animals of the countryside—red deer, hare, otter, rabbit, weasel, stoat, fox, etc.

★ FLOWERS

How to know and recognise Britain's native flowers and realise their importance and usefulness—wild violets and wood-sorrel, speedwell, stitchwort, cowslip, etc.

Amazing Facts of the Insect World. Britain's butterflies, moths, ants, bees, wasps, grasshoppers, caterpillars, beetles, etc.

★ NATURE BY NIGHT

Habits of creatures of the night—bat, owl, nightjar, hedgehog, badger, woodcock, otter, etc., etc.—AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS.

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★ VILLAGE LIFE

How villages grew up and got their names—intriguing facts and stories, etc.

Your Rights on the Road. "Rights-of-way" on highways, roads, bridle paths, footpaths, etc.

★ ANIMALS OF THE SEASHORE

The lives, habits and characteristics of the creatures of Britain's shores—sandhopper, jelly fish, crab, shrimp, cockle, starfish, etc.

How to Read and Understand a Map. What to do when taking your bearings—how to recognise places and the countryside from a map, etc.

★ HOW TO TELL THE WEATHER

Forecasting the Weather—how to read weather signs by stars and clouds—weather lore, etc., etc.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

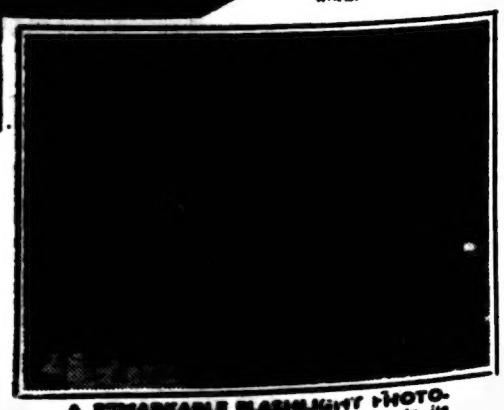
The Countryside Companion

A GRAND CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE — the Shepherd —him and others who live near to the heart of Mother Earth you will meet in this great work.

OVER **500** BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPHS

★ Above is an illustration of this great work. Actual size is 9 in. deep by 6 in. wide.

QUAINT THATCHED COTTAGES in the valley of the Test—they breathe a tale you should know—a tale you will read in this great new book.



A REMARKABLE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH of a fox cub at the entrance to its "earth." This is just one of the many animals of Britain's countryside which you will read about and see in this great work.

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'John Bull's' Great Presentation
'THE COUNTRYSIDE COMPANION'

Don't miss this last opportunity of securing a unique and ENTIRELY NEW, lavishly illustrated book that has been produced for our Readers at enormous cost. It is the ideal work for all who seek the wonder, beauty, romance and thrills of Britain's Countryside. There is no other volume like it. The Forms below will not be published again next week—POST THEM TO-DAY!

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Here is the countryside from dawn to dawn and in all its seasons—birds and beasts, creatures of the earth and the air and of the lakes and rivers, the flowers and trees, villages and farms, mountains and moorlands, the lives of men who wrest their living from the earth and from age-old crafts. Here, too, is Britain's countryside of the past with all its legends and folk-lore, superstitions and customs, associations and changes, highways and inns.

Look on the opposite page at a few of the subjects dealt with in this mammoth volume.

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The book itself is a real library volume, measuring 9 inches deep by 6 inches wide. It is printed throughout in clear-face type on beautiful ivory-finish paper. Great care and extra expense have been devoted to the reproduction of the over 500 beautiful photographs.

There are two Editions.

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Fill in the Final Reservation Order Form and the two Labels below as directed. Indicate on the Form the Edition required, Standard or De Luxe, and affix a halfpenny stamp to Label "X." POST FORM AND LABELS, together with 3d. in stamps, AT ONCE. This guarantees your volume. As soon as it is off the press your volume will be dispatched to your home. At the same time you will be sent a Presentation Invoice, which must be returned with your remittance within 7 days AFTER receipt of your volume.

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HERE IS THE SUPREME SONGSTER OF THE COUNTRYSIDE—the Nightingale—learn about his habits and where to find him, in this book.

A LIVELY SPRITE OF THE WOODLANDS—the Red Squirrel—you will know more about him when you have read this book.

COULD YOU NAME THESE WILD FLOWERS? This great work will enable you to name at sight flowers you see.

AMAZING PICTURES in this work show you Britain's strange creatures of the night. Here is a bat sitting on a toadstool and photographed at close quarters.

THE LITTLE VILLAGE CHURCH OF WING in Buckinghamshire—it has a story to tell you in this wonderful work.

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"The Countryside Companion"

Books will be dispatched to applicants in strict rotation. Address envelope to "John Bull" exactly as shown below.

"Countryside Book" Presentation Dept. J.A. 2,
"John Bull," 20 Henrietta St.,
London, W.C.2 (Pvt.).

Please reserve in my name a copy of "The Countryside Companion." I enclose with this form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume is my name. I understand that you will dispatch my Volume in a few days and that an Invoice will be sent me. I have indicated below the Edition I require—Standard or De Luxe—and certify that I will remit the amount specified below WITHIN 7 DAYS OF RECEIPT OF VOLUME.

STANDARD EDITION		DE LUXE EDITION
Applicant sends 3/9 AFTER receipt of Volume. CARRIAGE Paid.	You MUST cross out Edition NOT required.	Applicant sends 4/9 AFTER receipt of Volume. CARRIAGE Paid.

IMPORTANT. You MUST send with this form Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. This form and 3d. in stamps together with the "Books With Care" Label and the Label "X" MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp. Your name and full postal address MUST be clearly written in Block Letters on both Labels and a halfpenny stamp affixed to Label "X."

YOUR SIGNATURE.....

Write Clearly in BLOCK LETTERS

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

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DATE.....

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, May 9th.

Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 29/4/39

BOOKS WITH CARE

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ADDRESS .....

TOWN .....

COUNTY .....

J.B. 2

If undelivered please return to Dept. 2A, Henrietta St., London, W.C.2

A.G.

A halfpenny stamp MUST be affixed here by you

NAME .....

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X .....

double your
pleasure with

PARK DRIVE

15 for 6d.

10 FOR 4D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2D

Straight from the Shoulder

HALVING THE WORKLESS

Such work is coming for tens of thousands. But the Cabinet must not be allowed to go slow on new work plans

THIS month's unemployment figures, to be published in ten days' time, will show a further decrease.

As the year goes on, the falls will get bigger and bigger. 1939 will bring more work than even the most optimistic dared to imagine a few short months ago.

Jobs for 750,000

Possibly three-quarters of a million people will find the jobs for which they have been waiting so patiently and for so long.

Small praise to the Government for that.

And no excuse for further callous delay in tackling what is dryly called the "hard core of unemployment."

Now They Know

For many bitter, wearisome years our Ministers have told us that it "doesn't pay" to put the unemployed in work.

They have said that it's cheaper to keep men rotting on the "dole." They have ridiculed the arguments that JOHN BULL has consistently expounded.

Now, in the interests of national defence, they have been forced to put many of our despairing people in work.

At Last!

Actually, we shall spend £200,000,000 more *on goods* during the present financial year than in 1938.

Indirectly, says the great economist Mr. J. R. Keynes, this will result in as much again being spent *on goods*, making the total £400,000,000.

Because, of course, the more you buy the more you make it possible for other people to afford to buy the things they need.

What of Them!

This tremendous amount should result in work for an extra 1,500,000 people. Owing to overtime and other factors, however, the actual number will probably be 750,000 or 800,000.

Against this heartening news must be put two facts:

Our adverse trade balance will go up, so we shall have to try to sell more abroad.

AND WE MUST NOT FORGET THE WORKLESS ARMY OF A MILLION OR SO PERSONS THAT WILL REMAIN.

We must see that no willing person is condemned to suffer the underfeeding and the demoralisation that is perhaps the worst curse of idleness.

Wanted

We must have not only a Ministry of Labour concerned with unemployment and strikes but a Ministry of Employment that will *make* work.

Don't Forget

Perplexed though our Ministers are with international affairs, they should not be allowed to ignore the odd million to whom 1939 will not bring the blessing of work.

JOHN BULL will not forget them. And you can do your part by losing no opportunity to impress your views on M.P.s and local authorities.

You have the power to rule. Use it.

Oh, Mr. Burgin!

We are not surprised by the chorus of criticism aroused by the appointment of Mr. Burgin as Supply Minister.

It is a job which calls for a really big man—a man with high organising ability and the courage to act boldly.

Mr. Burgin may have considerable talent, but his record as Transport Minister has hardly been impressive. Above all, it is lamentable that the new Ministry will be confined to War Office materials instead of embracing all forms of Defence.

This must be remedied!

Dusty Leslie

You can add Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha to the list of "future Prime Ministers" who have bitten the dust.

In three months he has been jockeyed out of position by Admiral Lord Chatfield, the Defence Co-ordination Minister.

Lord Chatfield has done more sound organisation in that short time than Sir Thomas Inskip did in a year and more. And sparkling Mr. Belisha has also suffered in comparison.

Also-Rans

Truth is, he was never a strong tip for 10, Downing Street, for the Conservatives wouldn't fancy a Liberal—even a nominal Liberal—as Premier.

But he joins the melancholy procession of Walter Elliot, W. S. Morrison, Inskip and Kingsley Wood, who were once fancied and are now also-rans.

Mr. Eden still has prospects, of course; those of Sir John Simon and Lord Halifax are steadily fading.

Back to Front

Fifty-two M.P.s, headed by Mr. Amery and Mr. Duff Cooper, want the conscription of "man, munition and money power of the nation."

Let us have the resolution the other way round, Mr. Amery, and then we shall ensure equality of sacrifice. Conscript money and munitions, thwart the profiteers!

The men will go to their stations all right when they are needed.

They Want Peace

Enquiries in Rome convince us that the Italian workers, middle-class and young officers, shrink from the idea of war. Mussolini himself hates the Nazi dragooning which pushed him into Albania.

But the swaggering Count Ciano, his son-in-law, has been so flattered by Goering that he is ambitious for Il Duce's job. Behind him are the young Fascists who shout for "Tunis, Nice and Corsica!"

However, as long as the mass of Italian people wants peace, peace will continue.

We Need Them

Czech and Spanish refugee soldiers can now join the British Army. A wise decision, for many of them are technicians who can give valuable service to the country which gave them shelter.

France will probably follow our lead and enrol many of the 200,000 Spanish troops who are suffering terrible privations in the refugee camps around Perpignan.

That's the least it can do—and what finer stuff could it find to reinforce the bulwarks of the Peace Alliance?

Mr. Brown Doesn't Care!

GUSTY-VOICED Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, is arousing another storm.

He refuses to help hospitals in the Welsh distressed areas which have always depended on the weekly contributions of miners.

Owing to the closing of pits, the hospitals are now in urgent need. Many may have to close.

Mr. Brown says it would be against the general practice of the Special Areas Fund to make contributions to them.

But the principle is a vital one, not only for the Welsh valleys but for other industrial wildernesses.

Must the sick be refused treatment because they live in poor districts?

The miners say No, and threaten trouble for Mr. Brown. JOHN BULL backs them.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1939. 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. *Telephone:* TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Wonderful Britain

Business as Usual is the motto of our local councils—a good one for all except local councils.

That of Prestwich threatens to give its tenants notice to quit if they invite a mother-in-law to live with them or take in a lodger.

While Bangor has pensioned off a toll-collector with 3s. 10d. a week.

How such stern application to duty must win the world's admiration!

Twice as Dreadful!

Going on in the same old way, too, are some of our astonishing magistrates.

Swindon County police court has fined a doctor 10s. for failing to stop at a Halt sign, but let a man off with only half as much for working a horse in a "totally unfit" state.

If the doctor doesn't think the other man lucky, we'll eat his stethoscope.

Wives' Charter

Many M.P.s are confused by the plan of the Married Women's Association to entitle wives to a legal share of their husband's earnings. They think the Association wants all wives to claim a percentage of their men's pay in return for work done at home.

No, the plan would simply give a dissatisfied woman the right to go before a magistrate and ask him to rule that the husband—maybe a gambler or drunkard—must turn over a fair part of his wages for housekeeping.

The Setting Sun

Japan has let it be known, delicately but plainly, that she could give no active help to Germany in the event of European trouble.

As we predicted a few weeks ago, she is now confronted by terrible difficulties.

The new Chinese offensive has wiped out all her gains of the last six months; at home, her financial situation is desperate.

Not too much to say that she is already ceasing to be the Land of the Rising Sun.

Another Pact

The anti-aggression front may be extended to the Far East.

The Chinese Ambassador has suggested it to Lord Halifax. The Prime Minister has said in the Commons that the Government will bear in mind the possibility.

Even though Japan is a weak member of the Axis, she is still a nominal member.

Roosevelt's Hint

President Roosevelt has shown that he also recognises this, because on the same day that he issued his peace appeal to Hitler and Mussolini he decided to concentrate the U.S. fleet in the Pacific.

That was meant as a hint that Britain could leave her interests in the Far East to the U.S., and so enable the British Navy to give still more attention to its European business.

Voice of the People

- **How's This for Meanness?**
- **Menace of Dunce Doctors**
- **Cats Before Children!**
- **Din Beside the Sea**

MY father, a war victim, was provided by the Government with two artificial legs made of an expensive alloy.

Last year he died and my mother—to whom every penny now counts—sent them back to the Government "carriage forward," hoping for nothing more than that the Government would pay carriage.

But it didn't. We have had the bill from the railway company. We have also been notified by the Government department concerned that my mother needn't have returned them.

There seems to be gross heartlessness somewhere.—N. Brady, 155, Shipbourne Road, Tonbridge, Kent.

Ministry of Pensions has promised us it will put this right immediately.

Fire Alarm

The other night fire destroyed the local premises of the Park Rovers Club.

Twice a man raced into one of the newly installed police-boxes and shouted "There's a fire in Mill Road," but, unfortunately, he had stopped speaking and run away each time before an answer came from the microphone.

Result: Considerable damage and a lesson that the best systems are not fool-proof.—James Watson, 44, Monkland Street, Airdrie, Lanarkshire.

In London people using police-boxes have to telephone. In Glasgow, we believe, they just press a button and speak, and an answer comes from a loudspeaker. There are other systems, all good in their way. But perhaps uniformity would help to make them nearer fool-proof.

"Scandalous"

I am a disabled ex-Serviceman living apart from my wife. Yet we are friendly, and I have always maintained her and our children to the very best of my ability.

Recently I was ordered into a Ministry of Pensions hospital for an operation, and was there three months.

During this time the Ministry refused to pay my usual allowances because I was not *living with and maintaining* my family. They had to seek public assistance relief, which I describe as scandalous.—J. G., Aberdeen.

So do we.

Power of Pen

On Thursday last my husband came home in dreadful pain.

Our boy, aged fifteen, was rushed to the chemist with a prescription made out by the doctor.

After the lapse of valuable time the lad returned. "The chemist says will you take this back to the doctor as he can't read the writing."—M. C., Lancs.

A dispenser tells us: "Without telling the customer, we often ring up doctors to enquire meaning of their writing."

100 Years On

Looking in an antique shop the thought suddenly struck me: What will such shops show in a hundred years or so, to represent the 1930's?—Miss K. H. Chappell, Symonds Hall Farm, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos.

Gas-masks, unemployment insurance cards, a wide variety of Government forms. . . . At least, we hope so.

Holiday Shock

For twenty years I have had a week's holiday early in the year on the quietest part of the Welsh coast.

This year there was peace no longer. An air armada, on manœuvres, death-dived at 400 miles an hour to bomb and machine-gun the deserted cliffs.

Many of us are going to get surprises, this summer, when we turn up at our usual seaside haunts for rest and quiet.—G. M., Mold, N. Wales.

You certainly won't escape from it by going abroad—in Europe, anyhow.

Cats Put First

An Edinburgh woman has left £500 to ensure a comfortable future for her cat.

A Liverpool alderman has left £10,000 for the building of a cats' home.

Surely there should be a law against wills which elevate animals above human beings.—T. A. W., Bigg Market, Newcastle.

Societies for the welfare of children are finding it far harder to raise money than those looking after animals.

Back to Church

Let vicars who won't christen the babies of non-churchgoers, as in the case you mentioned recently, remember this:

I went to church for the christening of my son—and stuck.

My children have since introduced other children to the Sunday-school.

Those children may end up by taking their parents.

Many, many parents are drawn back to the church, I find, through their little ones.—J. Cox, 32, Wayne Way, Leicester.

Following the letter referred to many non-churchgoers have written about the willingness of clergymen to christen their children. One letter from an atheist says vicar asked him: "Will you let your children come to my Sunday-school so they can make their minds up for themselves?" And, says this reader, "I agreed."

Why Make Her Suffer?

● *Few readers, we imagine, will disagree with the following views on our social services by a man who helps to administer them:*

I am a member of the Guardians' Sub-Committee of the P.A.C.

I see husbands and wives having to live on 10s. a week because men usually marry women younger than themselves, and two pensions are not payable until they are *both* sixty-five.

I see the Government getting the best of things whatever happens because, when a man does marry a woman older than himself, she cannot get a pension until the husband qualifies.

Another lamentable fact is that a man under sixty-five who falls sick may draw his sick allowance from the National Health Insurance only until such time as he becomes sixty-five.

If illness continues up to his reaching sixty-five his allowance for sickness stops: he becomes an old age pensioner and loses money!

An old fellow needs more money when he is sick! This is one of the worst snags in the National Health Insurance scheme.

Here's another point:

If women or men become ill they are out of employment. (Many employers are issuing notices to the effect that a man's engagement terminates on his falling ill.—Editor.)

Very well, their allowance should be for unemployment, not for sickness. In fact, one fund should cover both sickness and unemployment. These social services schemes call out for alteration.—W. M. Kempster, Kingsley Road, Bedford.

Tell the I.R.A.

I would like to tell all those fools belonging to the I.R.A. that the only people they are hurting are the Irish themselves.

Hundreds of them have been dismissed from their jobs. Many have been turned away by landladies. Thousands of over-sensitive Irish are suffering because of people's suspicions.

Innocent Irish people are the chief victims. Don't these young madmen know that?—Mrs. Mahoney, 122, Colin Gardens, Colindale, London, N.W.9.

Poor Fun

America has declared war on fruit machines, pin-tables and similar gambling machines.

So these devices have been shipped here. More are arriving every month.

You will find them in so-called "amusement arcades," packed with poor devils who gamble away the money that should be feeding hungry mouths.

I know because, although only a working man, I have been keeping these places under observation.—James F. Brown, 28, Murchison Road, Leyton, London, E.10.

If the police watch these arcades, as we have done, they will find most of the people running them buy the prizes back from winners at 2s. for a clock, 1s. 3d. for a watch, and 1s. for a lighter, etc. Players—often unemployed men—are therefore making fevered efforts to make money, usually failing. They are certainly not paying to see the machine work, which is the pretence.

Sweet Swipes

I gather, by listening to the wireless, that Farr and Burman have had a beautiful fight, that Farr drew blood with a beautiful left, and that both boxers did a bit of battering and nose flattening with beautiful blows.

Now I'm looking for another word than beautiful to describe something elegant, charming or to be admired on æsthetic grounds.—A. Russell, 100, King Edward Street, Blaengarw, Bridgend, Glam.

Sport has its own dictionary—*e.g.*: "Lovely black eye," "Glorious hit to leg," "Inspired shot at goal," etc. One mustn't judge such phrases—or such headlines as "England's Humiliating Defeat"—on ordinary word values.

Don't Blame Him

On reading your excellent article, "A Nation in Specs.," I thought of a tombstone I saw in Florence which reads:

"Here lies Salvino Armoto d'Armati, of Florence, the inventor of spectacles. May God pardon his sins. Year: 1318."

What, I wonder, were his sins?—Pat O'Brien, 18, Elm Grove, Lesney Park, Erith, Kent.

Perhaps the charlatans were already busy when the stone was erected. Wrongly prescribed glasses are far worse than no glasses at all.

Keep Calm

When I was at a local cinema last night an announcement was flashed on the screen asking all Northern Command troops to report immediately to their barracks.

About 300 soldiers left the building in five minutes. The other people present looked tense, but stood up and cheered.

Not till later did we know that it was all the result of a hoax telephone call.—T. S. Mentzel, 74, Alma Terrace, Tulford Road, York.

Authorities know that rumours are being started by interested parties with a view to creating "war nerves." For this reason, don't help by circulating alarmist news. There is no censorship, and you can rely on any genuine bad news finding its way into your newspapers.

● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.*

HELP TO SAVE DEMOCRACY!

Urges Reader A. McNeal

Democracy is in danger to-day. But every man and woman who steps forward to volunteer for National Service assists in the advance of Liberty's cause.

Thousands must have had that thought in mind during the last few weeks, but in the mind of Mr. A. McNeal, 3, Colin Close, Shirley, Croydon, it took shape in the form of this neat *Bullet*: ANSWERING THE CALL—VOLUNTEER—DEMOCRACY "STEPS FORWARD."

A big First Prize cheque rewarded this "Bulleteer." Turn to page 39 and this week you may well win a Life Pension and Celebration Week-end.

Truth About the Great Defence Mystery

t Would You Do an Air Raid ?

An air raid syren. Would YOU know where to go if you heard it in an emergency?

THIS is a question for people too young to remember the last war, people who would therefore have to do most of the fighting in another: Do you know when we were nearest to defeat?

Early in 1915, during what was known at the time as the Shell Shortage, when our guns were lucky to find one round with which to reply to the Germans' hundred.

And what shells they fired were shrapnel, when the new kind of warfare demanded high explosive.

Do you know—and we are still addressing the young people—why we stuck to shrapnel?

Because we had grown used to firing it throughout the South African War!

Scores of thousands of British boys lost their lives, hundreds of valuable British guns were lost, through that mistake.

Let us repeat: that blunder, persisted in by Authority, brought us nearer to defeat than anything else.

We should have continued in that mistake if the Press had not shamed the Know-Alls into giving the soldiers high explosive.

YET the Press was treated with contempt for its pains.

Authority had to say something. So it said that it was typical of the British character to start with a mistake and blunder through somehow.

And that's our point.

Sir John Anderson was talking to the Foreign Press Association recently, and he said cheerfully: "We British are notoriously slow to take up a new idea."

He added: "I think, sometimes, that we rather pride ourselves on our slow start."

Sir John is, in his own way, suggesting that we shall blunder through somehow.

History is repeating itself in another way.

WE ARE STILL, SO FAR AS A.R.P. IS CONCERNED, CLINGING TO THE IDEA THAT WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE LAST WAR WILL BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR A WAR OF THE FUTURE.

This despite the development of the bombing 'plane, with its ability to gas you out, smoke you out, blow you out, and blaze you out.

Let us complete the parallel: It was the Press that knocked sense into Authority last time, contemptuously as it was treated when its job was done.

And we, in the year of grace 1939, are going to keep hammering sense into Sir John Anderson, whatever he thinks of us.

Sir John, we want action!

HUNDREDS of air raid wardens met in London—at Chelsea—the other day. And Sir Ralph Wedgwood, who had addressed them on behalf of the Air Defence League, asked them this question:

"Do you know where to go when the sirens are screaming that bombers will be over London in five minutes?"

Those air wardens—to a man—yelled back: "No!"

That audience, Sir John, was made up of people who are trained, or should be trained, to danger from the air.

"No!" they shouted. They didn't know the least thing that was expected of them in time of war.

What, then, are we to expect of the civil population, the women and children who have some idea that they will be evacuated, but also know nothing more about it than that?

What are we to expect of the people who won't be evacuated, who know nothing more about modern warfare than that they have a cardboard box with a gas-mask in it?

What of the people who have been presented with corrugated bits of steel in which they are trying to put faith, and the folk who have no air raid shelters at all—and just wouldn't know where to find cover?

SIR JOHN, nearly eight months have gone since the September crisis, and these people don't know what they ought to do.

IT IS THE OLD SHELL SHORTAGE ALL OVER AGAIN.

Those respirators. How many people have had any opportunity of testing them in an atmosphere of tear gas? Have you?

You, mothers of babies. The chances are that you haven't been given those special anti-gas devices for your children.

There was an idea that every house should have its own fire extinguisher. Franco's troops used incendiary bombs that could be scattered in hundreds from one 'plane. Why shouldn't a possible enemy of Britain do the same thing?

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Nobody quite knows why that idea for extinguishers was dropped.

Then the Government is putting its faith in two things: (1) Mere scratches in the ground in the shape of trenches or garden shelters, and (2) propped-up cellars.

There are gas-pipes and gas-meters in cellars, and civilian respirators will not keep out coal-gas.

Says the Hailey Committee on deep shelters, reporting last Friday: It would take two years to give London sixteen miles of tunnel twelve feet in diameter.

Who the devil cares? Peace To-morrow doesn't mean War Never.

This same committee speaks of the expense "which, after all, wouldn't make us 100 per cent. safe."

WE DON'T EXPECT TO BE 100 PER CENT. SAFE IN TIME OF WAR. BUT WE'D LIKE THE GOVERNMENT TO MAKE US AS NEAR TO 99 PER CENT. SAFE AS IT CAN.

Deep shelters, apparently, will only be provided for invaluable war workers in "target" areas.

There's a nice thing!

Spaniards were given them. Paris is having them. Parisians sheltering underground will even be able to telephone their families from their shelters and tell them where they are.

London, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, Leicester, Bradford — Britain's 40,000,000 people can have none, unless they are invaluable war workers in "target" areas.

"Yes," says complacent Authority, "but if we embark on really ambitious deep shelters war might come before they are completed."

So the stupidity that gave us the wrong shells, and all too few of those, still endures.

If war comes, the only labour available for such work will be that of the aged and the unfit. Materials won't be available.

Better to have 30 per cent. of the work to finish than 100 per cent. in such circumstances as those.

There's A.R.P. recruiting. The Auxiliary Fire Service is still relatively weak, although, to give credit where it is due, it has been vastly improved in the last few weeks.

But there's very little equipment available for those ready volunteers, and that's damnable.

ENOUGH for the present. We've got so much more to say about all this, unless Sir John Anderson pulls his socks up.

Meanwhile, an end to all this nonsense of congratulating ourselves that "we British always win through despite our blunders."

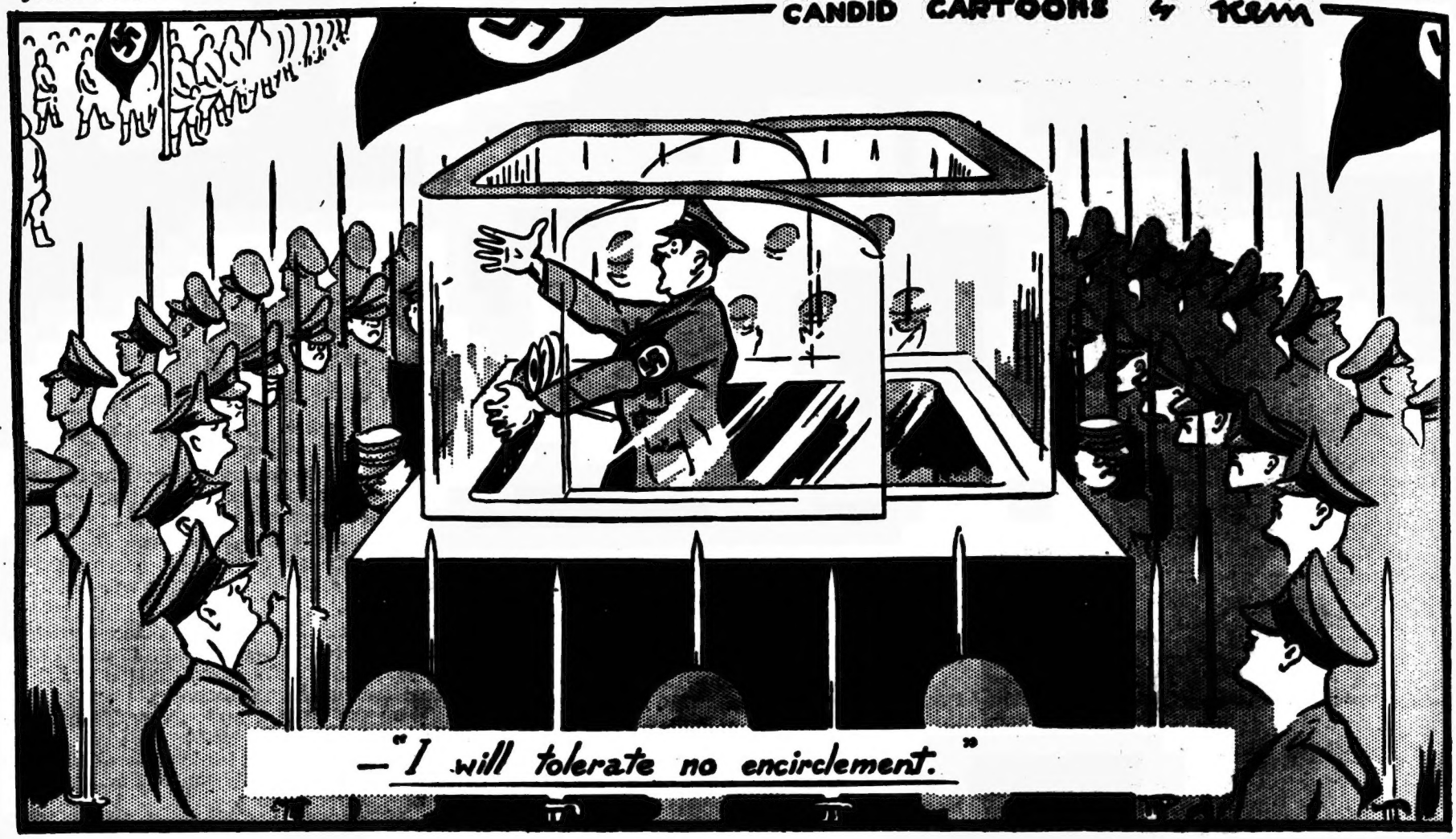
Let us cut out the blunders. Then, perhaps, there will be no need to fight at all.

If we are made to fight, it will be over so much quicker without mistakes. The harvest will not be so dreadful.

Shells scandal No. 1 was enough.

We don't want a Shells scandal No. 2.

CANDID CARTOONS by KEM



Open Letters

The COUNCIL, Football Association

GENTLEMEN,—Most of you are elderly, and evidently your eyes are becoming blurred.

For how shortsighted it is to encourage football teams to cancel their German and Italian fixtures!

By fanning the embers of suspicion that can so easily burst into flames of hatred, you will corrupt sportsmanship, provide ammunition for the German newspapers which accuse us of unfriendliness, and support the panic-mongers in our own midst.

I do not expect political wisdom from you. But the nation has a right to expect you not to dabble in politics at all.—JOHN BULL.

Viscountess ASTOR, M.P., St. James's Square, London, S.W.

DEAR MADAM,—Australian women are seeking to make it a criminal offence to leave a child alone in a house at night. Will not you, who are so interested in the welfare of the young, draw up a similar proposal for this country?

Remember the fire tragedies that have been caused by parents' selfishness, the danger to children's nervous system. Then make yourself the victims' champion.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Cardiff

GENTLEMEN,—You should blush with shame, so scathing is the official report on your "free meals for underfed children" scheme.

Many centres are declared to be ill-ventilated, dirty and overcrowded. Sometimes the children have to eat in the street.

In one centre, 200 youngsters were fed on "mince" made from only eight pounds of meat. In another, only five of sixty-seven sufferers from malnutrition received free food.

Now you are anxious to put things right. Muddlers, do you not realise that you should never have allowed them to become so deplorably bad?—JOHN BULL.

Sir R. DORMAN-SMITH, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Are allotments more important than recreation grounds? You say they are; I believe that parks for children are as valuable as land where their elders can grow cheap food.

There should be room for both, and allotments are shrinking only because of the stupidity and speculative tricks of local councils, whom you rightly rebuke.

If they ignore the warning, get powers to make them study the nation's interests!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. G. HEMMERDE, K.C., Recorder of Liverpool

MY LORD,—There are cases where leniency seems an affront to justice.

A man found guilty of "particularly mean frauds on the unemployed" has a record which includes two terms of penal servitude. Yet you have bound him over on condition that he repays the £151 he obtained from men anxious for work-with-investment.

To encourage others?—JOHN BULL.

Sir ARNOLD WILSON, M.P., Much Hadham, Herts

DEAR SIR,—If you ever have the misfortune to become Prime Minister, I shall want to emigrate.

You tell us that the German people have been duped by the lies of a Government-controlled Press, yet you want our own Press to be State-controlled.

Perhaps that is not surprising, coming from a man who defended the seizure of Austria, "hoped to God" that France would win, and has long advocated conscription here.

I will merely say that I regard your views with contempt and that you will seek in vain to muzzle—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN FOX, Chief Registrar, Friendly Societies

DEAR MR. FOX,—Nearly a quarter of a million pounds of the public's money have been lost in friendly societies. In many of these societies, as you say, huge amounts are checked by "auditors" who are not required to know even elementary arithmetic.

You issue a warning that incompetent auditors may be prosecuted.

Why, in the name of sanity, aren't they?—JOHN BULL.

Col. A. F. MORSE, Norfolk T.A. Association

DEAR COLONEL,—I shouldn't grumble if you used Army language in attacking Norwich City Council.

You have been refused the full use of the central market-place for a Territorial recruiting demonstration. Even a notice-board and loudspeakers are banned.

When such crass obstinacy hinders the building of our national defences, who can wonder that foreigners think us a half-hearted and lazy lot?—JOHN BULL.

We Can Save Peace!

The Marquis of LOTHIAN

MY LORD,—If we are to remove not only the threat but the causes of war, we must support President Roosevelt's historic message in its entirety.

It is not enough to echo those phrases which condemn aggression and plead for good will.

We must, as you demand, pledge ourselves to carry out the President's proposal to tear down trade barriers and to give all nations access to the raw materials of the world.

This imperative necessity is too conveniently glossed over by blinkered politicians who find it easier to scold other countries than to put our own in order.

We must not forget that we control most of the earth's natural wealth.

We must not forget, in our justified indignation against acts that disturb peace, that the task of preserving peace rests largely upon us.

We shall not acquit ourselves by returning to the "balance of power" politics that brought upon us the catastrophe of 1914.

Nor shall we succeed even by arming to the hilt and vowing never to use our might except in self-defence.

We must also be strong morally. We must have the strength of conscience to allow less fortunate peoples to obtain the goods they require.

For only thus shall we banish the excuse for force.

And should that fail, and force continue, then—and only then—must we resist with every weapon we possess.—JOHN BULL.

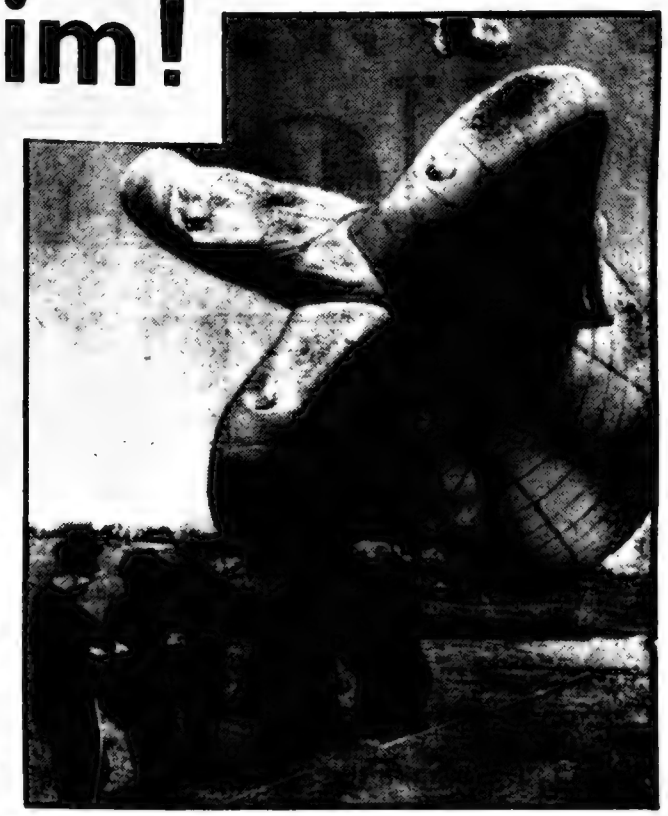
We Accuse!

Again we turn our searchlight on examples of unnecessary suffering and injustice. In these four stories, callous blundering is to blame, the sort of blundering JOHN BULL will always show up.

In each case we point our attack at those directly responsible. We demand that they right the wrongs —and see they are not repeated

Justice for this A.R.P. Victim!

When a barrage balloon breaks loose, who should pay for the damage it may do?



BRITAIN'S preparations for defence against attack from the air cannot possibly be developed and publicly rehearsed without adding new dangers to ordinary life.

This has been most noticeable so far in connection with the balloon-barrage plan.

Every time a group of balloons is in the air, one or more of them may break from its moorings and drift across country for many miles.

Lightning, sudden gales or strains imposed to breaking-point during tests—any of these may cause trouble.

The danger lies not in the escaping balloon itself, but in the ropelike wire it trails.

How necessary it is for the Government to give a decision on liability for death, injury or damage caused by this risk will be seen from what has befallen Mr. F. J. Evans, of Lower Brock Hill, Wickford, Essex.

Mr. Evans, a former master-builder, had just recovered from a motor-car accident, in which his skull was fractured, when he was again disabled by the flight of a barrage balloon.

His experience is best described in his own words:

"I was receiving a telephone message," he states, "when something like an explosion occurred. I was thrown across the room against a door and lay unconscious for a time."

What had happened was that a 4,000-ft. cable behind a drifting balloon had wrecked the overhead telephone wires near Mr. Evans' home.

Mr. Evans was so nervously affected that he was found wandering by the police at Southend-on-Sea.

For two weeks he was completely deaf. For five weeks he was under medical care for shock and concussion.

Loss of employment, medical fees and convalescence cost him nearly £50. He cannot recover anything from the authorities.

The Air Ministry refuses to accept that Mr. Evans' injuries were due to the accident. Responsibility is denied by the Postmaster-General, who, rightly, states that there was no negligence in his Department.

Appeal has been made to the Treasury solicitor. He repudiates all liability.

DESPITE THE LEGAL TRUISM THAT "THE CROWN CAN DO NO WRONG" AND CANNOT BE SUED, WE ACCUSE WHITEHALL OF THE SHABBIEST MEANNESS.

HOSPITAL SAID NO

USUALLY there is good reason for the cry that voluntary hospitals are in a plight so parlous that attempt cannot even be made to prevent many deaths and much suffering.

JOHN BULL refuses to believe, however, that, even in the most extreme circumstances, there can be any justification for such tragedy as is represented by the death of Miss Elizabeth Sugars, of Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

She was seventy-seven years old. Not long ago, although still well and active, she retired after more than half-a-century of domestic service.

So far as her means would permit, Miss Sugars had been a regular subscriber all her life to the local hospital.

Every shilling she could afford went to it and most of her spare time was given to bazaars and other functions.

When her hour of need came, she was denied the succour she had made possible for so many others.

Miss Sugars, while putting away linen at her home in Church Road, tripped on a mat and broke a leg.

The accident happened in the late afternoon. Not until after midnight was she admitted to hospital at Northampton, twenty miles away.

Bedford Hospital is much nearer her home. It would not take her in.

When the district nurse appealed to its authorities to open the door to the old lady, they would not do so.

"When they were told," states the nurse, "that she was nearly eighty years of age, they refused to admit her. They said they had no room for people likely to be there for a long time."

Miss Sugars died at Northampton Hospital.

Her death was due to lack of quick treatment and the long suffering she had unnecessarily to endure.

BECAUSE "JOHN BULL" HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR THE CAUSE OF VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS, WE ACCUSE ALL THE MORE EMPHATICALLY THE SYSTEM WHICH THUS DEALS WITH AN OLD WOMAN WHO HAD HERSELF GIVEN HER BEST TO IT IN MONEY AND SERVICE.

SHE WAS LURED INTO LAW-BREAKING

ON behalf of tens of thousands of small shopkeepers, JOHN BULL appeals to the Home Secretary to end a new offensive against them.

Lately there has been a big renewal of official activity in connection with the Shops Acts. There is no need or justification for it.

Owners of small businesses so fully observe the law nowadays that it is impossible for the authorities to obtain evidence of goods being served to ordinary members of the public after the regulation hours.

Nevertheless, all over the country more inspectors are being appointed.

And always it is these officers alone who encourage the shopkeepers to commit the trivial offences for which they can be prosecuted.

A good example is to be found in Pembrokeshire, where, until a few days ago, there had not been a conviction for a breach of the Acts for twenty years.

An inspector, who did not disclose his identity, entered a shop at Fishguard which was open for the sale of goods other than tobacco.

He alleged that, although the woman at the counter mentioned that it was illegal to sell cigarettes, she supplied him with a quantity.

The woman's story was very different. She stated that she called the attention of the man to a notice, but he took no heed of it.

When he repeated his request, she still refused to serve him, and referred him to a slot-machine outside the door.

He protested against using the machine because the cigarettes in it might be damp, and, in the end, she was persuaded to sell a sixpenny packet.

All this was denied by the inspector.

There was only one witness of the transaction. She was surprised, she said, to hear the customer repeat his demand after being refused.

The shopkeeper was convicted and fined.

ALTHOUGH "JOHN BULL" WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE INTRODUCTION OF SHOP HOURS LEGISLATION, WE ACCUSE THE HOME OFFICE OF ABUSING ITS PURPOSE IN COUNTENANCING THE USE OF DECOYS.

Who Whispered to the "Cruelty Man"?

MR. JOSEPH STIRRUP, an electrician employed by the Warrington Council, has a most comfortable home at Padgate, Lancs. He is a man of high reputation.

His wife had to enter hospital with pneumonia. Arrangements were made for the six children and the house to be well looked after in turn by her mother, sister and neighbours.

Returning from work one evening, Mr. Stirrup saw near his house a uniformed officer of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This official was talking to a policeman.

Now, the greatest shame that can fall on a family in a working-class district is to be visited by the "cruelty man"—an officer of the N.S.P.C.C.

Invariably, his appearance is assumed to mean parents are neglecting or ill-treating their children.

Everyone knows the "cruelty man." Always he is in blue uniform with a peak cap—something like a prison warder.

You can imagine Mr. Stirrup's indignation, then, when the officer followed him and declared that the Society had information that his children were suffering from neglect.

Briefest investigation proved the falsity of the charge.

But while that investigation was being made, word spread fast that the Stirrups' home had been visited by the "cruelty man."

A few hours after she left hospital, the mother heard the gossip.

She collapsed and had to be taken back to hospital. Acute and prolonged hæmorrhage set in. A baby has been prematurely born.

For days mother and child have been in great peril.

Doctors testify that shock alone has produced Mrs. Stirrup's grave condition.

Her husband, wanting to clear his name by bringing court action against whoever had so maliciously libelled him and endangered two lives, asked the London headquarters of the N.S.P.C.C. to give him the name of their informant.

They are refusing to divulge it. Communications of this kind, they maintain, are privileged!

WE ACCUSE THE N.S.P.C.C. OF CRUEL TACTLESSNESS IN TRYING TO BE KIND.

RUMOUR'S UGLY SISTER

Hitler's "Mein Kampf"—most dreaded book in the world. The Fuehrer devotes a whole chapter to propaganda.

Playing on the tensed nerves of Europe, the Dictators have been sending out scare rumours for weeks. The Government has been warned by its Secret Service to expect more cunning "news" of troop and ship movements in the next few days. It is all propaganda—the deadly art described here—which is inflaming nations, trying to set peaceful peoples at each other's throats.

ONE dark night in February, 1937, a group of Spanish Republican soldiers left their trench outside Madrid and crept towards the Franco lines carrying a loud-speaker.

They fixed up the speaker in a shell-hole a few yards from the enemy and soon a voice boomed over the battlefield:

"Men of Franco. You are hungry. You are cold. We have plenty of food and blankets. We have so much bread we can spare you some now."

A few minutes later Republican 'planes dropped loaves in the Franco trenches. Next morning the Fascists replied. The same bread was returned to the Republican lines—cut up—and *buttered.*

This episode, played in a land of slaughter and starvation, would have been amusing had it not been a reminder of that most terrible of all war weapons—propaganda.

The Republicans were lying when they boasted of their food supplies. The Fascists handled butter for the first time for months when they spread it on the bread that was to be returned to the enemy.

The food was playing its part in a struggle more deadly than the physical havoc that was being wrought by each side.

Fascists and Republicans were feeding ammunition into a weapon that played cruelly on men's taut nerves and destroyed their morale.

Bullets check an advance. Shells wreck fortifications. Bombs blow innocents to pieces. But it is propaganda that brings a foe to his knees in the end.

SOME sort of propaganda has always arisen whenever groups of men have been in conflict.

And so long as truth is a standard it is not a bad thing. For it may be the measure of a nation's enthusiasm for an ideal.

But since the war it has developed, under the Nazi drive, into a mighty machine with the lying tongues of a puppet Press and radio as vital cogs.

The dreadful, necessary art was used in the Great War. And Hitler, devoting a whole chapter to the subject in "Mein Kampf," asserts that the superior British propaganda finally rotted German resistance.

What he does not assert is that such superiority was due to one thing—a regard for the truth.

German propaganda, he claims, presented the British to its public in comic jokes. The foe was a bunch of milksops and fools.

"Once the German soldier realised what a tough enemy he had to fight he felt deceived by the manufacturers of the information which had been given him," he writes.

"Therefore, instead of strengthening and stimulating his fighting spirit, this information had quite the reverse effect. Finally he lost heart."

There was the weakness in Germany's armour—bad propaganda.

The Spanish war indicates how propaganda may be used in future wars.

Both sides were dazed by lies that were cunningly designed to crack the people's confidence in their leaders.

Hundreds of men, convinced by the enemy that they were fighting for the wrong side, deserted for the other's lines.

"When we took Teruel," writes a man who served with the Republicans, "we had been suffering for weeks from lack of food and water.

"We found the shops stacked with food, blankets, soap, wine and a thousand other commodities we had been craving for.

"Men began to say that life under Franco must be better. Many deserted. The whole force, their appetite whetted by good food, was in danger of demoralisation.

"WE learned from prisoners that the shops had been deliberately stacked at the last minute by the retiring Fascists and that the abundance in no way represented the normal supplies to Franco Spain."

IN MADRID, FRANCO'S SECRET SUPPORTERS, THE 5TH COLUMN, PAID OLD WOMEN TO SIT IN THE FOOD QUEUES AND WAIL FOR THE ARRIVAL OF HIS TROOPS.

"We shall all have plenty to eat when Franco comes," they would say.

Gradually the canker would creep right down the line of women. And then there would be a food riot to add to General Miaja's troubles.

Ridicule is one of the surest forms of attack if used correctly and not clumsily as the Germans did. Really clever comic poems were circulated in the Madrid cafés by the 5th Column, and did much damage to the Government.

Quiepo de Llana, Franco's famous broadcasting general, was a great wit. Although it was forbidden, thousands of Madrid people listened secretly to his broadcasts every night. He made them laugh, and laughter was as scarce as food in those dark days.

Through the running fire of comedy Quiepo de Llana shot deft shafts of Fascist propaganda and won many people to Franco's cause.

In peace time propaganda is not idle. European countries are now broadcasting in different languages news and speeches calculated to bring foreigners round to their point of view.

A CLEVER RUMOUR, DELIBERATELY AND SYSTEMATICALLY VENTED, CAN PANIC A COUNTRY IN A WEEK.

The anti-Nazis in Germany have been driven underground. But they show considerable courage and shrewdness in their propaganda against Hitler.

Working in a cellar that even the dreaded Gestapo could not find they have turned out a newspaper.

It is said that sometimes they keep their printing press in a motor van which is for ever on the move.

Recently they certainly had a broadcasting station in a motor van because French listeners picked up messages at different strengths. This indicated a nightly change of location.

One of the anti-Nazis' most clever dodges occurred a few months ago.

Simultaneously, on street corners all over Berlin, men with push carts containing gramophone records appeared. The records purported to carry popular tunes and were offered so cheaply that hundreds were bought within a few minutes.

As soon as they had sold their stock the vendors disappeared, and the buyers, when they got home, found the records played a violently anti-Hitler speech.

In countries like Britain, France and America free speech and a free Press preserve the community's balance of view. Newspapers limit propaganda to columns reserved for comment.

This is legitimate, for propaganda based on truth is a commodity open for use by any political party to further its own ideals in a democratic State. It is just like advertising, a highly respectable industry.

But in Totalitarian States propaganda is abused. In peace time Hitler uses rifles and other weapons of war to silence his critics. And he uses propaganda as a weapon of war.

PROPAGANDA is the jealously reserved privilege of the German Government. It is a stick to use on the down-trodden, dumb and hypnotised mass.

The voice of the opposition must come from cellars and motor vans until it is located and liquidated by the Gestapo.

Hitler pretends to love his Germans. So read these words on propaganda:

"The receptive power of the masses is very restricted, and their understanding is feeble. On the other hand, they quickly forget.

"Such being the case, all effective propaganda must be confined to a few bare essentials and those must be expressed as far as possible in stereotyped formulas.

"These slogans should be persistently repeated until the very last individual has come to grasp the idea that has been put forward."

He doesn't say anything about improving the mentality of the masses he loves so much. He sees nothing wrong in stunning them with parrot-like phrases until they are compelled to believe what he preaches.

Those words of Hitler show him up for a callous exploiter of human weakness, a cold, calculating careerist who has climbed to power on the backs of those he pretends to protect.

He knows propaganda is a devilish tool in the hands of a master. But one thing he does not know is that there are many kinds of propaganda. And the greatest of them all is truth.

Meet Mrs. Fluke

She's the landlady everyone likes. What a motherly old soul. What an unconscious humorist. You'll revel in her adventures. Turn to page 22 and read the first to-day.

Safe Parliamentary seats are often sold to the highest bidder—not to the man who can best serve the people

Mrs. H. B. Tate, M.P. for Frome, chatting with constituents at the bottom of a Somerset pit. It cost her £1,200 to represent them in the House

This Makes M.P.s Wild!

WE have all heard the House of Commons described as "the best club in the world." That depends, of course, on your idea of a club. But for every one of those Members who line the well-packed Tory benches, it is easily the most expensive.

Last week Mrs. Tate, who is Conservative M.P. for Frome, Somerset, announced that she would have to retire from that seat because she could not afford it any more.

In the 1935 election she polled 19,684 votes against the Socialist candidate's 18,690.

She had to pay £1,200 election expenses for that precarious victory. In addition, she had to hand over her Parliamentary salary to the local Conservative organisation, provide annual donations to local charities and bear other expenses which cost her a further £500 a year.

Mrs. Tate is just one of a long line of Tory members who are rebelling against the Party policy of running Parliamentary seats on the "cash and carry" principle.

Recently Mr. G. R. Hall-Caine stated that it had cost him £37,000 to hold his seat in East Dorset.

That works out at over £2,000 a year.

"And," he said, "I have not been lavish. Every item of my expenditure during the period has been carefully checked. There are many M.P.s who are compelled to spend more in their constituencies than I do."

When the Dover Conservative Association adopted Mr. Peter Beatty as candidate last year, it was stated that he had agreed to contribute more than £1,000 a year to the organisation.

The Abbey division of Westminster also expects at least £1,000 a year contribution from candidates.

These, of course, are "safe" seats.

But every Tory organisation in the country has a tariff which it unblushingly presents to every candidate.

IN one East Anglian constituency the local Tory headquarters bluntly told one of their candidates that unless he was prepared to put up £3,000 a year his name would not even be considered.

Thereafter he must pay a flat rate, according to the presumed safety of his seat, to the local organisation.

"You want the best seats and we have them" is the slogan of the Conservative Party. It begins at Central Office, where hundreds of prospective candidates go through a "means test" every year before being put on to the waiting list of nearly 3,000.

When a seat comes into the market these 3,000 would-be candidates form the auction audience and, nine times out of ten, the seat goes to the highest bidder.

RICHES and ability do occasionally go hand in hand, but it is *not* a general rule. And if you are looking for a reason for the depth to which nearly all Government Back Bench debate has sunk, you can find it in this practice of picking M.P.s by their pass-books and not their brains.

But there are other results which are extremely unpleasant. To-day, when the dictators are sneering at the degeneracy of the democracies, we should be more concerned than ever to keep our Parliamentary representation unsullied and above reproach.

The open selling of seats to the highest bidder does not come within that category.

Nor should the representation of the people be cynically used as a means of social and financial advancement.

At the last Tory conference Lady Astor said, "The trouble with our Party is that too many people come into it just to get on. I know it. And it is against the Tory democratic principle.

"We ought to go into the Party to serve the country not ourselves . . . no Party contains so many socially ambitious people."

And she proceeded to flay the constituency associations who, she said, were "absolutely shameless" in their demands for candidates' money.

Lady Astor's position in the Party and the information to which she has access make her very well qualified to know what she is talking about.

On the financial side a socially A1 constituency is an easy high road to directorships in the City.

And though, as we have seen, these seats cost a great deal of money, an ambitious young candidate (or an old one for that matter) can consider the expense as a sound investment.

A TORY SEAT, BOUGHT FOR CASH, MAY THEN BE GOOD BUSINESS. BUT IS IT GOOD FOR GOVERNMENT, GOOD FOR THE TRADITIONS OF PARLIAMENT OR THE INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE?

Pity the poor M.P. who, willy-nilly, must pay for the privilege of serving his country by helping to support the comfortable Party which sends him up to Parliament. If he does not search his heart he must search his pocket.

AND his outgoings do not end at paying most of his election expenses and assisting his constituency organisation with ample subsidies.

One M.P. for a fairly wealthy Midlands division told us that he seldom gets by on less than £800 a year paid out in levies which pass by the name of charity donations. The procedure is simple. He gets the usual request "to be nice to" a small group of "important" constituents round the House. Invariably there are women in the group who have local causes at heart.

During tea on the Terrace they get down to the good work.

"The last member was so kind to us. We were so glad to work hard during the election. Our little charity is not as important as some. But perhaps—£50?

There are dozens of ways of working this opening gambit.

BUT the Tory M.P.—unfortunate if he cannot really afford these steady calls on his purse—knows that he must pay up. Or, alternatively, not be "as good as the last Member." With all that implies.

In the last year or two of crisis there has been a steady growth within the Conservative Party of Independents.

They have not been prepared meekly to wear out shoe-leather tramping through the Government division lobbies. Most of them are material of which any Party should be proud, because this spirit helps a Party to keep it vital and active.

But, like Lieut-Col. R. Chichester-Constable, who withdrew from the Holderness by-election because he was expected to foot an election bill of £1,200, few of them have had a showing

Even the old guard among the Tories have grumbled about the seat-selling racket.

The foundations of our democracy rest on fair representation of the people. On strong Parties, whether in the Government or in Opposition.

And since democratic qualities cannot be bought with cash, we want to see the end of this pernicious seat-selling system which degrades Parliament and betrays the people.

"Countryside Companion"

IT is now or never if you want to secure a copy of "The Countryside Companion," the wonderful new JOHN BULL Presentation Book that reveals every aspect of rural Britain.

This splendid work has more than 500 pages and over 500 beautiful photographs, many of them double and full-page plates.

With it you will learn how to distinguish the hundreds of varieties of British flowers and trees, the birds, animals and the insects.

You will learn how to read a modern road map and to understand the stars. You will see in the pages of this book the villages and craftsmen of the Britain beyond the towns. The superstitions and beliefs and the associations built up through 2,000 years of history will be revealed to you in an enthralling narrative.

This work will enable you to see in every journey a hundred things of interest where before you may have seen only one.

No one can afford to miss this great book, which has been voted everywhere —"The Book of the Year."

It was produced at enormous cost, yet every reader of JOHN BULL can obtain it for only 3s. 9d. Carriage Free to your home—only a fraction of its real value.

Turn at once to pages 4 and 5 and post the final reservation forms to-day.

Mystery of Missing Thousands

Sir Wyndham Childs'

HOSPITAL FUNDS SENSATION

Public Benefactor

Mr. F. E. Morgan, of 5, Thesiger Street, Cardiff, secures the £1 1s. this week for spotting a number of rackets.

Each week this award is made for what is considered the most valuable information sent to me.

All readers can help and an ever-increasing number do.

It is their vigilance that enables me to expose all kinds of trickery in time to save many people from being victimised.

Their prompt information makes it possible for me also to turn JOHN BULL'S searchlight on injustice.

If you hear of anything which you feel should be unmasked write to me at once.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address: Sir Wyndham Childs, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HOW much is missing from the Hospital Saturday Fund?

Serious deficiencies, believed to be not less than £20,000, have been discovered, and members of the staff have been compelled to resign.

But what is the whole extent of the irregularities?

The public who subscribe so generously to this old and deserving charity is entitled to know the full facts.

London and Home Counties section of the Fund is the one concerned.

Collections and contributions in this area average more than £100,000 a year, and it is an important part of the revenue on which many hospitals rely.

Other sections of the Fund operate from large cities throughout the country, and everywhere notable people give their patronage and active assistance.

The King is a patron and the Lord Mayor of London is President.

It is more than a year since the Executive Committee decided to invite a financial expert to investigate the accounts.

His report was startling.

Members of the staff, some of them holding very responsible positions and nearly all of long service, were found to be involved in the big shortage that was revealed.

The sum of £20,000 is stated to be a conservative estimate.

Apparently it was decided not to prosecute the men concerned. They were made to leave at once and were allowed to draw their own contributions to the office superannuation fund. Payments made to this fund by their employers were, however, withheld.

Subsequently two of the men voluntarily surrendered their own contributions.

"That, so far as we can ascertain, was the only restitution," states a report submitted by their committee to the Hospital Saturday Fund branch of the National Union of Clerks and Administrative Workers.

Discussion of the whole matter took place at this meeting because the Union members felt that their position at the Fund offices had been seriously affected.

They contended that by alleged stoppage of promotion and the withholding of confidential work, they were suffering for the crimes of others.

"We cannot deny," says the report, "that certain members of the staff were found to have been engaged in grave irregularities.

"The minutes of the Branch meeting contain a condemnation of them, and the same opinion was voiced at a meeting for the election of staff representatives to the superannuation committee."

Expressing astonishment that the innocent employees who remained should, as they allege, be punished, the report continues:—

"These cases have been frequent over a number of years and immunity from punishment has acted as an incentive to others to do likewise.

"We wonder whether the Executive Committee know that a certain member of the staff reported a systematic form of theft to his senior, who has now left the service of the Fund.

"HE REFUSED TO ACCEPT THE REPORT AND ACCUSED THE MAN OF CAUSING TROUBLE."

Whatever grounds there may or may not be for the dissatisfaction expressed by these Union members of the staff conditions it is clear that the Council of the Fund should clear up the whole position.

They are trustees for the public of one of the most important charity organisations in the country.

Everyone realises what excellent work they do in completely honorary capacities.

But it is vital for voluntary hospitals that the contributions which they administer should be maintained and even increased.

They will find that the surest way of doing this is to make a full public statement at once about the grave discoveries at their headquarters offices in Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

Once the Fund made street collections, but now it relies on direct contributions from the public, factories and business houses

They Chose Wrong Bride

A FORTY-YEAR-OLD bachelor, back here after many years abroad, has just had his eyes opened to the matrimonial agency bluff.

He wanted to marry and settle down.

But, owing, he thinks, partly to his age and the fact that he was a stranger in his own country, he had difficulty in meeting a suitable lady.

So, "against his better judgment," he joined a correspondence club.

From four names and addresses given him came only one little bleat—more of astonishment than anything else.

And no wonder. The girl he had written to was barely eighteen and she had never heard of the Harmony Club, of Carlingford Road, Hampstead, from where the wooing bachelor had obtained her address.

"I cannot understand how anyone got my address," she said.

She was quite nice about it, though, and hoped he would find someone nearer his own age who would make him a good wife.

He had paid five shillings and was supposed to be supplied with lists until he was suited.

When, after the farcical result of his first attempt, he protested and asked for the return of his money he was promised a fresh list. But it has not turned up.

"It's not the small amount but the principle of the thing that infuriates me," he says.

That's just what I am constantly telling readers.

Syndicate Rogue "Said it with Fruit"

FAMILIAR slogan, "Say it with fruit," has been brightly adapted for the newest get-rich-quick snare.

People offered cases of oranges and grapefruit by advertisement and circulars were delighted with their purchases.

The case was excellent value for the £1 paid.

But soon came the hidden pill in the guise of a well-spoken, plausible man, who called on everyone who had bought the fruit.

His story: "The scheme we introduced for direct purchase of fruit from Palestine is going so well that we are forming a small syndicate to acquire fruit-growing farms near Jaffa.

"We shall then harvest the crops and sell the produce to our accepted clients in Britain."

Profits would, of course, be substantial. Investors who came in with an outlay of £50 each would acquire a defined section of land.

The picture was so glowing that many of those approached could almost visualise the profits falling like ripe fruit from the trees.

Investments tumbled into the golden kitty, but instead of the big returns promised there is just an empty desert.

The man behind the great idea has fled from his headquarters in Frith Street, Soho, London.

Watch 'em

BIRDS of a feather!

After my exposure last week of how the names and addresses of people worried with homework schemes are obtained, comes a similar proposition from R. E. Pockett, of Briscoe Road, Hoddesdon, Herts.

He specialises on lists for mail order firms and charges 2s. to tell you how it's done—just as I explained.

* * *

PROFESSOR REID, of Woodmansterne Road, Coulsdon, Surrey, wants to give you "a splendid, resonant, beautiful voice" by his silent method of voice culture.

"All in the privacy of your own room—without the slightest fear of failure."

No doubt—if you have money to waste.

* * *

COMPLETE with butcher's smock and a trade cycle, a man is spoofing housewives with sausages which are largely old bread.

His story is that a shop in the neighbourhood for which they were ordered was closed when he arrived and he is selling them off cheaply.

Many victims round Redhill, Surrey.

* * *

MEN posing as lorry drivers, who "happened to find a few bottles," are spoofing householders with cheap Eau de Cologne disguised to look like an expensive preparation.

They have recently been active in the Hounslow district of Middlesex.

* * *

TO have football pool and racing luck all you have to do is carry the Guel Bean.

So says Henry Burton, of Chudleigh Road, Kingsteignton, Newton Abbot, who offers it by post for 1s.

The bean dates back to 4000 B.C., he adds.

I had no idea people had been fooled so long!

* * *

ACCORDING to W. E. Norton, of Caversham Street, Chelsea, London, all you want to start a mail order business is a capital of a few shillings.

Providing, of course, you have details of his wonderful method, for which he charges 7s. 6d.

So simple—and so familiar.

Weekly Warnings

BIG SHOPPING SCHEME FIASCO

THOMAS HAWKINS DURRANT, solicitor's clerk, dreamt of becoming a shopping magnate.

From his house and office, at 53, Woodstock Road, Golders Green, London, he planned with restless ambition and daring.

A chain of shops stretching over the big new housing estates was the kingdom mapped out for himself.

But his dream has crashed. And with it went the savings of men who wanted only to get an honest job.

To-day at the age of forty he is still a solicitor's clerk, the companies he set going are in liquidation, and a disastrous trail leads back to where his grand visions began.

Sounds rather bad luck—until you hear of some of the incidents in this bold dash to illusive fortune.

For some of them are exceedingly queer.

A number of men induced to invest money to secure jobs as managers of the shops think they are rather more than queer.

They all felt great confidence in the new venture because they imagined it was vouched for by a solicitor.

Box number advertisements contained the assuring phrase "Apply solicitor."

Letters dealing with the applications bore the name of a solicitor.

This, in view of information I have, seemed so extraordinary that I at once sent one of my representatives to see the solicitor named.

It is only fair to him to say very clearly that he declares categorically that his name was used in this connection without any kind of authority from him.

The moment he heard about it, he adds, he at once put a stop to it.

But by that time Durrant, the embryo store "king," had impressed the men with his dreams.

For the £100 or so which each of them laid out they expected soon to be drawing dividends on the shares they received. And they hoped to be making big strides as managers of the shops they were to take over.

Three parent companies were behind the scheme.

Chief of them appears to have been T. Hawkins and Co. (London), Ltd.

The other two were Farmers Fruits and Vegetables, Ltd., and A. Whites Dispensing Chemists, Ltd.

Shops on new housing estates and sometimes in suburbs were taken over on long leases.

In nearly every instance the landlords, anxious to have the premises established, paid over sums of £400 and £500 for each shop to be fitted up.

One contractor who did a great deal of this work for Durrant or one of his associated companies received very much less than the amount which had been allowed.

Even so he is still owed about £700.

Durrant told the men who replied to his advertisements for managers that he planned to have blocks of four shops in each district.

Always the most important condition was that prospective managers should invest £100.

One man tells me that, having agreed by letter to this stipulation, he was accepted without even the formality of an interview!

Most of the managers appear to have been bewildered by difficulties over supplies and demands for rent and rates soon after they took over.

When a second and more insistent demand for rent was made at one shop the manager was moved with all the remaining stock and his household property to new premises in another neighbourhood!

Altogether the ambitions of Mr. Durrant, solicitor's clerk, seem to have been very costly for others. And as usual those who will feel the pinch most are the men who parted with their small savings to get work.

Their unhappy disillusion stresses once again the warning I am constantly giving that it saves money in the long run to have propositions of this kind carefully investigated by your own solicitor before paying out a penny.

A Count's Nonsense

Before answering any appeals for money from Count Potocki, of Montalk, think twice.

He may offer to sell you a horoscope. Think twice over that, too. All his fantastic literature and beliefs are sheer nonsense.

He bobbed into the public eye again the other day at the London Sessions when he took the oath by his pagan god Apollo.

Wearing a sweeping purple robe and sandals he appealed unsuccessfully against a conviction at Clerkenwell police court. There the magistrate had bound him over for twelve months and ordered him to pay £5 5s. costs for assaulting a solicitor's clerk who had called to serve a writ.

His long fair hair reaching like a mane almost to his waist, he usually goes about in robes of brilliant crimson.

People have grown tired, though, of hearing about his claim to the throne of Poland. He contends that he is the great grandson of Count Potocki, heroic leader of the Polish revolution in 1830.

A few years ago he was sentenced at the Old Bailey to six months' imprisonment for publishing an obscene libel.

3 BIG MEN SEEK 2s. 10d.

OPENING the door in response to loud knocking, Mrs. A. Wooldridge, alone in her New Forest bungalow at Langley, near Southampton, was confronted by three men.

At once they strode in.

They were bailiffs—and all that had brought along these three big men was a tithe demand for 2s. 10d.

With costs, the amount for which they were empowered to levy execution was £1.

Mrs. Wooldridge, knowing nothing about the debt, suggested that the bailiffs should see her husband when he returned from work.

But they took no notice.

One of the men seized an ornament clock from the mantelshelf and a hanging mirror from a bedroom.

Then all three left.

But soon, joined by a policeman, they were knocking at the door of Homer Farm, where Mr. Arthur Bunday lives with his wife and brother.

Mrs. Bunday, recovering from a serious illness, opened the door and was naturally very upset.

This time the demand was for £13 12s. 7d.

It was intended, the bailiffs declared, to take a number of cows. But, finding that the animals were grazing in a neighbour's field, they started taking an inventory of everything in the house except the beds.

By now Mrs. Bunday was so distressed that her husband, fearing she would collapse, handed over a cheque for the amount claimed.

In both cases there are complications over the assessments, and Mr. Wooldridge and the Bundays feel strongly that they were being unfairly taxed.

No doubt the levy by the Tithe Commissioners was perfectly correct according to the existing law, but incidents like this show the intense feeling there still is about the entire tithe question.

Mr. Wooldridge, for instance, believed he had redeemed all tithe claims some years ago by the payment of £1 10s.

Clearly a complete overhaul of tithe payments is still needed.

Pity This Lone P.C.

BURGLARS are having the time of their lives at Pevensey Bay, four miles from Eastbourne.

About fifty of the many bungalows have been robbed in the last two months. Can you wonder when there is only one lone policeman to watch over the whole place?

There are four or five public-houses in his area. Many farms have to be visited and sheep-dipping supervised. He has to keep his eye on travelling gipsies, as well as carrying out his various other duties.

If he arrests anyone the prisoner has to be taken to the nearest lock-up at Hailsham, seven miles away.

Residents have vainly complained about this ridiculous position and the fact that roads leading to the bungalow town are full of dangerous holes, and have no lighting.

The East Sussex Council must stir itself.

Wake Up, Whitehall

PATHETIC, but all too typical, is the case of a Dorset man physically ruined by war service. And it shows how urgent is the need to raise afresh the question of War Pensions.

Mr. Walter Howe, of Winterbourne, Haughton, Blandford, was as fit as a rivet when he enlisted in 1915.

To-day, his nerves shattered, he cannot talk properly, and in walking he staggers like a drunken man.

When he was wounded, pieces of shell entered his body in thirteen places.

Discharged as unfit for further service, he received a pension of £1 a week for a year.

Then it was reduced to 5s. 6d.

In twelve months, even that pittance was stopped.

So, though he has never really recovered, he has been without any pension for eighteen years.

Strenuous efforts have been made to secure one for him. Of course, there is the almost infuriating flow of excuses from the Ministry of Pensions.

At one time it is some section of the Royal Warrant which is blamed. At another, the contention that Howe's present condition is not due to the war.

His record makes that last excuse seem little less than ludicrous.

Here is a man very seriously wounded when fighting for his country and left a nervous wreck without a penny of compensation.

JOHN BULL's Postbag shows there are thousands like him.

If, as is often pleaded, the existing regulations prevent anything being done, then why in heaven's name doesn't someone in Whitehall with a grain of human feeling set about putting them right?

MYSTERIOUS

IF you're approached for a subscription by the Rev. George D. Nathail ask him what he's collecting for.

He is apparently an Assyrian priest who tried at first to get help for a boys' orphanage, but his activities in Scotland have been very mysterious.

With his long, flowing beard and skull cap he has impressed many people in Edinburgh.

Dr. Salis Daiches, the city's Rabbi, and Mr. McKenna, of the Scottish Christian Council for Refugees, gave him letters of introduction to a few friends. They found he had been going round to all and sundry.

At this time when money is so urgently and genuinely needed for people who have had to flee from their homes in Europe, it is thoroughly unsatisfactory that anyone should be allowed to collect money in the loose way this Assyrian priest is doing.

He smiled when the Beak said—

"TWO GUINEAS AND COSTS!"

1. He went by me as though he was practising for one of those records on the Salt Flats in America. I started the bike and chased after him. I was clocking 75 m.p.h. before I caught him.

2. "Where's the fire?" I said. "I'm late for the office," said he. "Seems to me you're always late," I replied. "I've seen you go roaring by here before." "I know," he confessed, "but my breakfast is always late."

3. "Then I'll give you a tip," I said, taking his name and address. "Get your wife to serve you the 30-second breakfast. Kellogg's will get you off on time. And set you up for the day, too. A bowlful with milk and sugar gives as much energy value as three eggs. They're a treat, too — so crisp."

4. Two months later, I met him in Court and he only smiled when the Beak said, "Two guineas and costs." He turned to me and said, "Constable, it's a cheap price for the tip you gave me. Kellogg's make the best breakfast I've ever tasted. And my wife says you deserve a beer. Come on, let's go and get it now."

THE *30-Second Breakfast* HAS MORE ENERGY VALUE THAN 3 EGGS

AN ANALYSIS made at a leading dietetic centre shows that a plateful of Kellogg's with milk and sugar actually has more energy value than 3 eggs! (Bowl of Kellogg's 223.26 calories, 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That's why busy workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

Kellogg's are quick and easy to serve, too. There's no cooking, so you save time and there's no messy saucepan to wash up. And the flavour! Those big golden flakes are so deliciously crisp that nobody can resist them. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's — only 5½d. for a big family packet.

***Start the day right with* KELLOGG'S**

DANDRUFF?

A bottle of Pure Silvikrin contains enough organic hair-food to banish even chronic dandruff and to increase the growth of hair by 35%.

Science combines in Silvikrin the 14 separate elements of human hair

The remedy for dandruff, falling hair and baldness has at last been discovered by that great bio-chemist Dr. Weidner. He discovered that hair cannot be healthy without a regular supply of 14 separate natural elements. Dr. Weidner combined these in Silvikrin which is therefore the hair's natural food. Silvikrin quickly banishes dandruff, stops falling hair, and if the root is alive, grows new healthy hair.

Dear Sirs,
Before using Silvikrin, my hair was lifeless and falling out alarmingly, and I was badly bothered by dandruff. A few applications of Silvikrin cleared up dandruff, stopped hair falling, and my hair has got steadily thicker and healthier.
(Signed) Cecil Scott-Paton.

SILVIKRIN LOTION
For slight dandruff, hair beginning to fall, lank hair, weak hair – the perfect dressing that will restore the health and natural lustre of the hair. Price 1/6, 3/6, and 8/- per bottle.

PURE SILVIKRIN
For severe dandruff, serious falling hair, bald patches — threatening baldness. Grows new hair. Bottle 6/-, sufficient for one month.

From all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

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The Good Natured Laxative

LIXEN

Twelve hundred country sisters speak with the voice of sanity

WOMEN who work for PEACE

AN international sisterhood is helping to solve the problems of the world. A sisterhood with plenty of Thickstockings in the ranks—but no Bluestockings.

The Associated Countrywomen of the World is their name and their story will come to you like a breath of fresh air after all the gloom since last September.

There is nothing sensational about it, and it doesn't lend itself to dramatic treatment.

It represents nothing but plain, honest-to-goodness Sanity—Sanity that it isn't easy to find in this war-fevered world.

The story begins a year ago, when women from the farms of thirty different nations—such are the Associated Countrywomen of the World—met in Washington

They were women who knew more about ploughs and farmhouse ovens than parliaments and dictatorships.

From England, Germany, France, Yugoslavia and twenty-five other countries they came. Not with theories but to compare notes.

They run—or help their husbands or fathers to run—farms. They have had babies, or hope to have them.

They have seen the ill-effects of bad feeding. They have seen, too, what miracles can be performed on sickly children with the help of good, hearty, farmhouse fare.

Some of their problems are peculiar to the women of their own countries. But there are other problems which the women of the world must share. War, worst of all. Child welfare, maternal mortality, and many more.

And they flocked to America from the far corners of the world to talk them over

They did not meet with any intention of "putting the world to rights," for we have said they are no Bluestockings. But they found, when they got together and talked together, that out of their joint experiences was born something that looked very much like a remedy for world ills.

THEY found they just couldn't help putting the world to rights!

A woman from Germany—she was proud of her Aryan blood—wanted to meet a Jewish woman who she knew had knowledge that would help her fellow-countrywomen in Germany.

How womanlike! The Jewess invited her to tea. And over the tea-cups they forgot Europe and knew only that they were women.

Italy has grown oranges from time immemorial. To the Jews in Palestine it is a new industry, an industry into which most of them have been forced by the trend of events.

Yet an Italian woman sought a Jewess from Jaffa to get orange-growing hints that would help fruit-growers in her own district.

She got it all right and the women became firm friends.

These women of thirty different nations found themselves talking about food in the simplest and plainest language.

It happens that the initial causes of war are economic. Insufficient food to feed an increasing population. No available supply of raw materials for national industries. These things are the seeds from which international disputes arise.

So although food was to have been their topic, they just couldn't help putting their fingers on the causes of war—and indicating solutions as well.

Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the American President, noticed this. Here, she decided, was a lode of common-sense such as you would never get from the theorists.

So she talked to those women of the soil—"the hardest-working women in the world," she called them, "and the most important because they grow the food by which we all live."

"You must go to Europe next year," she told them. "You really must. To England. You really must try. The world wants to hear from such women as you."

SO to Britain they are coming—next month. They will meet for the first time here on May 30. Twelve hundred of them—from thirty-two different countries this time.

And how they have scraped the money to come; the determination that international crises should make no difference is an epic of effort.

A farmer's wife in New Zealand who could not afford to attend the Washington meeting, is on her way here because her husband sold his entire livestock to enable her to make the journey.

Four different branches of a family in Australia have subscribed money to send one farmer's-wife relative.

Kansas women started their own penny banks to help them raise the money easily. In some of America's sleepiest of Sleepy Hollows farmers husbands have let their wives keep the butter and egg money to help pay their passage.

Women who have saved lives in bush fires, tornadoes, floods and hurricanes are coming—not as heroines, but as women of the soil.

And hundreds who have never known party frocks in their lives have spent weeks making them by oil-lamps.

They are going to attend a Foreign Office reception. Representatives of three City livery companies will be there. For three weeks they will have social programmes many an American "deb." might envy. And they must dress for the part.

BUT the conferences are the most important thing. Government and women's organisations are going to lend them films so that they can show one another their work and lives in the most realistic fashion.

Norwegian films will show labour-saving in the home; Latvian, service work among women and girls; Finnish, women's gatherings and fêtes; Swedish, women's handicrafts; German, representative home life. And that's only part of the programme.

They will have London talks, then stay in the mansions and farmhouses of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales for other talks in surroundings they know better and love more than the city atmosphere.

What things they will have to talk about!

They are going to point to another cause of war—neglect of maternity.

WOMEN KNOW THAT THE CONDITIONS IN WHICH CHILDREN ARE BORN AND THE INFLUENCES THAT SURROUND THEM HAVE A LIFE-LONG EFFECT.

The ill-nourished, badly housed child grows to manhood with a grudge against humanity, yearns to enslave his fellowmen. Dictators are not the only warmongers who have been made from such stuff.

The Association knows what it is talking about when it discusses maternity. It prepares reports on maternity services throughout the world, gleaning facts and statistics from every corner of the earth and publishing them in many languages.

It uses the difficulties of one country to effect improvements in the others.

Then these countrywomen are going to talk about education. They know a lot about that, too.

South Australian women will show that education is not an easy matter at the back o' beyond But they'll bring good news. Australians have learnt something from Canadian and American women and the early results are excellent.

A correspondence school was started and 253 children of five upwards enrolled immediately. Lessons are mailed once a fortnight and returned to the school for correction before being mailed back.

The Education Department franks letters so that there is no postage to pay.

The different children in a family all have the same teacher, who can thus get to know them well and adapt himself—or herself—to their needs.

There are now 1,200 children on the roll, many of them candidates for the State Universities, although going for an examination has sometimes meant 150 miles on a camel followed by a long car or train journey!

The women of eleven countries where education is a difficulty are wanting full details of that scheme at next month's London conference.

THEN since the last meeting the women of Poland have asked the women of Australia this question: "How do you run your farms when the mother of the home is sick?"

The Australian sheep farmers' wives have told them of their central organisation which provides temporary housewives. Polish women will report what they are going to do about it.

Just simple things like these will be discussed But it will be the same as last year.

These women will find themselves solving the major problems of the world without seeking to do so.

For theirs is the voice of sanity, and while dictators shout and nations wrangle and warmongers generally join in the clamour there is only sanity left to get at the real roots of world evils.

A fine example of the British woman farmer; twelve hundred of her sisters abroad will visit London next month

"I can see you didn't have your Ovaltine last night!"

"Sleep Insurance" for Millions

EVERY night, to countless thousands of persons throughout the world, 'Ovaltine' brings the assurance of deep, refreshing sleep, and there are definite reasons for the universal popularity of this delicious tonic food beverage.

The great advantages of the composition and special properties of 'Ovaltine' have been proved by every conceivable test—many of which have been conducted in Hospitals, Sanatoria, etc.

A 3-year series of scientific sleep tests, for instance, showed that 'Ovaltine,' taken regularly, cut down restlessness during sleep, made sleep sounder and gave a feeling of being better rested in the morning.

'Ovaltine' is a natural food, entirely free from drugs. Its constituents—malt, milk and eggs—provide all the vitamins and other vital health elements that give vigour and build up the body, brain and nerves. Eggs are liberally used because of their valuable nerve-building properties. No tonic food beverage would be complete without eggs.

And remember that although 'Ovaltine' is a *complete* food beverage of supremely high quality, it is the most economical you can buy—the 1/1d. tin makes as many as 24 cupfuls.

But it must be 'Ovaltine'—it stands in a class by itself. There is nothing like it.

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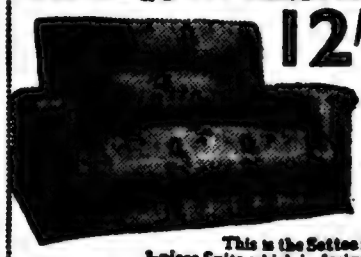

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This is the Settee for the 3-piece Suite which is designed on precisely the same lines as the *Berkeley* Superlax Easy Chair. It is not self-adjusting, although back and seat can be removed for cleaning. Exceptionally roomy and comfortable.

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The Lone Wolf of Football

Will they sing "Gland of Hope and Glory" at the Cup Final?

Was it because he would not sing "Gland of My Fathers" that Wolverhampton Wanderers sold Bryn Jones to the Arsenal?

Will they give international players, in future, capsules instead of caps?

IT says a lot for Major Frank Buckley, the Wolves' manager, that, although for months his team has been having gland treatment, just like a lot of worn-out old gentlemen, no one has laughed!

Nobody has shouted "God gave the gland for the people." No one has referred to "England's green and pleasant gland."

You see, the Wolves have become the most consistently successful team in the country. Now they are in the Cup Final.

Just a year ago, it seems, a famous footballer whose powers were failing had glandular injections, and then made a spectacular come-back.

About the same time, a horse whose running was slowing down was given glandular treatment, and won his next race easily.

They did not call it "dope," but endocrinology.

"It isn't a fake," they said, "but a science." When you call a thing "Science," you know, no one laughs.

Now, Wolverhampton Wanderers finished fifth in the League last season on their own. Then, last autumn, Frank Buckley, converted to gland treatment, had it administered to his players by one of the trainers.

When, in January, the Wolves beat Arsenal 3—1, and seemed to have a big chance of winning both the Cup and the League championship, the football public took it seriously.

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

This week:
MAJOR BUCKLEY

SOON, Portsmouth was going in for glands. And now, this Saturday, either as a consequence or in spite of it, the Cup finalists can say, "We are the two best teams in the gland."

It all began with Voronoff, you know, and chimpanzees, and the phrase, "This monkey business." Dear old gentlemen who should have known better went in for glands, and then started to dance the hornpipe.

There were screams of merriment and there were meetings of protest.

But now it has reached Wembley, where, in the presence of the King and Queen, and after they have sung "Abide With Me," 97,000 people will cheer!

Mind you, had Major Buckley not been a man who is taken very seriously, glands might have been laughed off the field from the start.

But Frank Buckley has, during the last eleven years, paid off every penny of his club's heavy debts, piled up a cash balance of £60,000, and made the Wolves the richest football club in the country, and perhaps in the world.

You cannot laugh at that.

If the Wolves win, this Saturday, it will indeed be "Buckley's Cup." Never in the history of Soccer has any one man been so completely responsible for a club's success.

Buckley has raised most of his team from mere boys to famous footballers. He has bought some men for a few hundred pounds and sold them for thousands, and even then gone on winning matches.

And yet, curiously enough, this Cup Final will be the first Buckley has ever seen!

Frank Buckley, a Major at the end of the Great War, took his ideas of discipline into football management. The players work hard and play hard for him.

UNLIKE most managers, he makes his team go back for training in the afternoons. An expert in physical training long before the war, he sets his team exercises of his own making.

So intolerant of slackness or untidiness is he that he once sent a member of his staff three miles to bring back a player to whom he merely said quietly, "You forgot to clean your boots and put them away after training this morning."

The player was a star worth £3,000. To Frank Buckley he was just an untidy member of the staff.

Buckley, in thinking of football, is full of revolutionary ideas.

"The game isn't big enough," is a phrase of his.

He argues that there is room for a dozen giant stadiums, each holding at least 100,000 people, dotted about England and Scotland.

He talks of a Football League composed of the best English, Scottish and European teams, travelling by air as a matter of course.

Of all the British managers he, more than anyone, believes in youth. When he chose Jimmy Mullen, a boy of only sixteen, for the vital Cup games in the sixth round and the semi-final he staggered the football world.

Indeed, in one season Buckley discovered no fewer than twenty young players and sold nineteen of them.

Ruthless in changing a team, he has handled as many as 150 players in a season, and used perhaps thirty of them.

His scouting system is perfect, the best in the game. Spotters hired by Wolverhampton Wanderers watch and examine hundreds of boy players every year.

When, last season, he was given a tip about McIntosh, who, as I write this article, looks like a certainty for Wembley, he made a rapid journey to Folkestone, watched McIntosh play for ten minutes, and then said, "How much?"

McIntosh cost him that day £550. He is now worth at least £5,000.

YET, before half-time had been reached in that Folkestone game, Buckley was on his way to another small match, to spend a quarter of an hour there, still watching for youngsters.

Some club managers kow-tow to supporters. Buckley defies them, resents their criticism.

"We put on a football match," he says. "No one is forced to watch it. If people don't like it, they know what to do. I run this club."

When, two years ago, he sold so many players that angry supporters said the team must suffer, he sold some more.

"Turf and goal-posts for sale," they chalked sarcastically on the gates of the Wolverhampton ground. After matches, members of the public hurled abuse at him.

Buckley went on selling players and signing more boys. . . .

Bryn Jones was thought to be the key-man of the Wolves when Buckley sold him to Arsenal for £14,000—a record transfer fee. Buckley was upbraided bitterly.

Actually, Bryn Jones has been recently playing for Arsenal's reserve team. . . .

And after he had been blamed for selling Bryn Jones, Buckley sold both Thompson and Barlow—said to be needed for the Bryn Jones position—and even then got together a side good enough to reach the Cup Final.

Incidentally, by selling Jones, Thompson and Barlow, Buckley added no less than £27,000 to Wolverhampton's fund.

He is a lone wolf. He has even absented himself from an important Cup tie in which his team was playing to watch a junior game.

"Why should the players want me around?" he asks. "They know their jobs. They have a captain on the field and a trainer on the touch line."

His contract with the Wolves guarantees him a minimum of £2,500 a year for the next ten years, and his club also pays the premiums on a £10,000 endowment policy which will mature when he reaches sixty.

WOLVERHAMPTON had to tie him up. For London was calling, and will call again.

Meanwhile, Buckley, teetotaller and non-smoker, goes on piling up money into Wolverhampton's treasure chest.

Even the £5,000 which will be the Wolves' share of the Cup Final gate will seem small compared with the profit they have made out of their manager's cheap buying, and dear selling, of football players.

A lone wolf among football managers, Frank Buckley can afford to smile

Greatest of These

Norma

JOHN STOKES, of Liverpool, an "Old Contemptible," is now only 45 but he is bowed with trouble and poverty.

His wife has a nervous breakdown and cannot be left alone. New surroundings and change of air would cure her, and she could go to a cottage in Wales for 30s. a week. But Stokes is unemployed and cannot afford that.

He has tramped continuously in a vain search for a job. His clothes are now so ragged that no employer would engage him.

This man does his bit in times of peace as well as war, for he holds the Royal Humane Society's Silver Medal and the Andrew Carnegie certificate for life-saving in the River Mersey.

There are five children, only two of whom are old enough to work. At the moment two of the children are in hospital, one with diphtheria.

In addition, John Stokes's rent is in arrears. Will you send something so that his wife may be restored to health, and so that the crushing weight of his cares may be lifted?

Please earmark your donation "Norma" and address it to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by John Bull. We gratefully acknowledge 2s. from A. O. P. (W.6.).

Sir Norman Angell Asks

MUST IT BE WAR?

In 1910, Sir Norman, in his famous book, "The Great Illusion," forecast the Great War and warned the nations exactly what it would mean. They took no notice and in 1914-1918 his case was proved in every detail. Now he says . . .

WAR can be prevented. Whether it will be is quite another question. To prevent it will require great wisdom; will demand that we profit by experience, particularly the experience of the last great war and what followed it.

And, please note, prevention of war is the only effective defence in these days.

"Defence" bought at the cost of the slaying of millions of our people, the laying waste of our cities, the torments and agonies of countless women and children, is not the kind of defence which we want.

We are creating great power—increasing our army, air force, our navy. But the allies who defeated Germany in the last war had great power, great enough for complete victory, as the result proved.

Unfortunately the power which victory proved to be overwhelming did not prevent war. Why?

They Didn't Know

For the childishly simple reason that the aggressor did not know, before he started his aggression, that he would have to meet that power.

As a round dozen of historians have explained, if Germany had known that her attempts to dominate her neighbours would bring three-quarters of the world into the field against her, she would not have followed that line of policy and there would have been no war.

In other words, if power is to prevent anyone attempting something, that someone must know that the power in question will be used against him if he does attempt that particular thing, otherwise the power cannot possibly deter at all.

That, perhaps, is the most tragic lesson of the Great War.

Have we learned that first lesson? Part of it undoubtedly has been learned—very suddenly and very late.

If now, in a period of such danger, we are prepared to give guarantees to a state like Poland on the other side of Europe, and to enter into an alliance with Russia, we could, in 1931, when Germany was not yet re-armed and Hitler had not come to power, have given similar guarantees or aid to China in her resistance to Japan.

If that had been done, so that Japan would not have got away with her conquest of Manchuria so easily, Mussolini would not have deemed it safe to challenge the League powers in 1935 by the conquest of Abyssinia.

And if that conquest had not been so easy, Italy and Germany would not have gone into Spain and made it a member of the Axis—and the present position would not have been anything like so dangerous.

IF WE HAD DONE EARLY WHAT WE HAVE DECIDED TO DO LATE (AND AGAIN AND AGAIN THIS LAST SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN URGED TO TAKE THIS LINE OF COLLECTIVE SECURITY), WE SHOULD NOT NOW BE IN SO PERILOUS A POSITION.

But the outstanding lesson of the victory and the peace is in a sense more tragic still, and has certainly not yet been learned.

The fact we must face now, in 1939, is that the victory of 1918 has not achieved the objects which we hoped it would.

Victory in 1918 did not bring us permanent security or peace, for now, twenty years after the greatest victory of history, we are proclaiming ourselves in greater danger than ever.

And Next Time?

Suppose, therefore, it comes to war and we fight it, and again have victory over the aggressor, what assurance have we that the next victory will be any more permanent?

How long after the next victory shall we have to face the misery of war all over again?

Men who are asked to give their lives, to render their children fatherless, will very rightly put that question and demand an answer.

If we are to find the answer, we must ask why the victory of 1918 has not brought us peace.

A full year before the Great War was over I wrote a book trying to warn the Allies on this very point, and made a forecast which I now quote only because it applies just as much to the present situation as it applied then.

A Forecast

In this book of 1917 (entitled "The Political Conditions of Allied Success") I wrote:—

"The survival of the Western democracies, in so far as that is a matter of the effective use of their force, depends upon their capacity to use it as a unit, during the war and after.

"That unity we have not attained, even for the purposes of the war, because we have refused to recognise its necessary conditions—a kind and degree of democratic internationalism to which current political ideas and feelings are hostile; an internationalism which is not necessary to the enemy but is to us.

"For the Grand Alliance of the democracies is a heterogeneous collection of nations, not geographically contiguous, but scattered over the world; and not dominated by one preponderant State able to give unity of direction to the group.

"The enemy alliance, on the other hand, is composed of a group of States, geographically contiguous, dominated politically and militarily by the material power and geographical position of one member who is able by that fact to impose unity of purpose and direction on the whole. . . .

"No military decision against the unified enemy group can be permanent if at the peace-table it becomes evident that the Western Democracies are to revert to the old lack of consolidation, instability of alliance and covert competition for isolated power and territory.

"Return to the old relationships after the war will sooner or later doom the democratic nations, however powerful each may be individually, to subjugation in detail by a group, inferior in power but superior in material unity."

What assurance can we get that the new Grand Alliance will not go the way of the Old Alliance and the League?

FIRST, WE MUST SET OUT TO MAKE THE PEACE BLOC WE HAVE BUILT UP NOT A MERE TEMPORARY COMBINATION FOR FIGHTING THE NEXT WAR, BUT A PERMANENT ORGANISATION FOR ALL TIME, IN WHICH THE RESOURCES OF ALL MEMBERS ARE POOLED FOR PURPOSES OF DEFENCE

There should be staff talks in which plans for common action and co-ordination of effort should be pre-arranged.

SECONDLY, PRECAUTIONS SHOULD IMMEDIATELY BE TAKEN FOR PREVENTING QUARRELS AMONG OURSELVES.

We should all agree to submit differences to arbitration or some form of peaceful settlement; otherwise our alliance will soon go to pieces by reason of international strains.

THIRDLY, THERE SHOULD BE ECONOMIC ARRANGEMENTS FOR MUTUAL BENEFIT, JUST AS WE HAVE SUCH ARRANGEMENTS BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH.

The combination cannot be strong if it is economically weak, and it will be economically weak if we go on increasing cut-throat tariffs and other means of injuring each other.

FOURTHLY, AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL PERHAPS, THE COMBINATION SHOULD BE OPEN TO ANY MEMBER OF THE AXIS—ITALY, OR SPAIN, OR GERMANY HERSELF, IF THE CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP ARE ACCEPTED.

Those conditions would be: Willingness to submit disputes to arbitration, third-party judgment, or some form of peaceful settlement; and to make common cause against any State which goes to war because it is not prepared to arbitrate.

Begin Now

Above all, we must show that we mean business in such a combination; that we really are as willing to fight for others, and the law of peace which defends others, as we are to fight for ourselves.

We have proved this of late if our assurances to Poland, Greece and Turkey mean what they say.

We must begin to do this NOW, so that if and when our youngsters are asked to fight for it, they will know that they are fighting for something which will not go to pieces the moment the war is over, and so later on have to be fought for all over again.

"This blessed plot . . . this realm, this England." It is the right setting for our freedom — which now we must defend

ARE WE READY FOR TALKS?

By A. G. Gardiner

In 1933 A. G. G. told JOHN BULL readers how Hitler would become dictator of Austria. Ever since he has forecast accurately the moves of the totalitarian States. Last October he begged Roosevelt to give a lead to Europe. That lead was given a fortnight ago. In January A. G. G. envisaged the United States of the World. To-day . . .

ON April 28 Herr Hitler makes his reply to President Roosevelt before the German Reichstag. Why he should summon the Reichstag to hear his decision instead of communicating it directly to the President is not unimportant.

The Reichstag under his *régime* is merely a flock of sheep.

It has no right to speak, no power to act, no function to perform other than to say "Heil! heil!" at appropriate intervals.

If any member dared to rise and utter a protest, or even to suggest a doubt, he would vanish to a concentration camp and never be heard of more.

He would have committed the blasphemy of questioning the divine authority of the Führer and would be cast into outer darkness among the damned.

Baa! Baa!

But no one will rise, no one will protest, no one will question.

For not only is the Reichstag a flock of sheep: it is a flock of sheep chosen by Hitler himself, every sheep warranted to say "Baa! baa!" in chorus and to say no more.

To this abyss of idolatry has the great German people sunk.

There are two obvious reasons why Hitler decided to make his reply, not to Roosevelt, but to his obedient flock of sheep.

The first is that it gave him time to think.

IT EVADED THE NECESSITY OF AN IMMEDIATE REPLY TO THE TREMENDOUS QUESTIONS THE PRESIDENT HAD PUT TO HIM.

The second and more important is that it avoided direct discussion and met cold reason with an avalanche of fiery rhetoric.

He does not permit any questions at home and he replies directly to no questions from abroad.

"The time for talks is past," he said in his last speech. He does not argue: he dictates.

He sends his "barbaric yawp" over the roof of the world, and expects as blind an obedience to his decrees from the lesser breeds of the earth as he gets at home.

This worked miracles while the aforesaid "lesser breeds" behaved, also, like a flock of sheep fleeing before a ravening wolf.

But that time is past. It will never return.

The world is awake and, at whatever cost, it is going to see that Hitler's dictatorship of Germany is not extended to a dictatorship of the earth.

That, behind the quiet phrases of Roosevelt's message, is the intimation which Hitler faces.

Put in blunt terms, that message says:

"THE REIGN OF TERROR MUST STOP. IT IS FOR YOU TO STOP IT. THE 'TIME FOR TALKS' IS NOT PAST: IT'S HERE, NOW AND URGENT.

"It is the time of dictation at the point of the pistol that is past.

"Renounce your gospel of violence, cease to menace your neighbours, come into the council chamber with us, leaving your shooting irons outside, and join in averting the catastrophe of war and in establishing a new order of peace in the world based on disarmament and equal justice.

"If you will do this, the United States, which has no interest in Europe except the interest of world peace, will sacrifice its gospel of 'isolation' and see that you have a square deal.

"If you refuse to do this, if you insist on driving the world to war, then I warn you that this country cannot be indifferent to the crime."

Tempers Harden

It would be idle to attempt to forecast Hitler's reply. No one who has studied his words, and still more his acts, will allow expectations to run high.

He cannot, of course, be insensible of the ominous change that has taken place, not only in America, but in Europe.

The democracies are no longer in flight, and with the passage of every day their temper hardens and their power becomes more organised and formidable.

But it is one thing for democracies to reverse engines, and quite another thing for dictators to do so.

"I must dazzle and astonish," said Napoleon, and when a dictator confesses that he is not omnipotent he seals his own doom.

His Chief Card

Moreover, Hitler's rôle of the invincible bully has had such astounding success that it is too much to suppose that he will surrender it even at so formidable a challenge as that of President Roosevelt.

We may expect that on the first phase of that challenge he will deny that he is the "aggressor," revive all the grievances of Versailles, and develop the fiction of "encirclement" which is his chief card in playing upon the fears of the German people.

But will he give the undertaking not to attack his neighbours that Mr. Roosevelt asks him to give?

I do not think he will.

And I have still less hope of his frank acceptance of the second of the Roosevelt proposals. This applies the acid test to the whole programme of the dictators.

Are the dictators willing to drop the argument of force and enter into a world conference such as the President undertakes to initiate?

WITH THE GUARANTEE OF AMERICA'S PARTICIPATION IN SUCH A CONFERENCE THERE COULD BE NO DOUBT OF BOTH GERMANY AND ITALY BEING ASSURED OF A SQUARE DEAL.

For America is entirely disinterested, and her influence in the negotiations would in the circumstances of to-day be decisive.

It was her withdrawal from the League of Nations that was the fatal blot on that institution, and her surrender of "isolation" in the cause of world peace would banish the spectre of war as no other action could.

With such a lead and such an inspiration all the problems that the League of Nations failed to solve could be attacked in an entirely new spirit.

Disarmament could be approached in the light of the universal bankruptcy into which the present appalling race in armaments is plunging every nation alike.

The colonial question, on which America would speak and act with peculiarly detached authority, would yield to reason and to the universal desire to remove, at all cost, the menace of war.

Nor would that great matter, the equal access to all the raw materials of the earth, offer any obstacle to agreement.

AS FOR THE QUESTION OF FRONTIERS AND TERRITORIAL READJUSTMENTS, SUCH AS THE DANZIG CORRIDOR, GOOD WILL AND GOOD SENSE WOULD SETTLE IT OUT OF HAND.

In these matters the will of the people concerned should be decisive, and the expedient of the plebiscite—a real, not a faked plebiscite—should be adopted.

We Will Pay

It was adopted in the Saar for the benefit of Germany with conspicuous success, and it would, of course, have to be adopted in cases like those of Czechoslovakia and Albania, which have been robbed so brutally.

If Herr Hitler is concerned for the peace and prosperity of his country—he will accept the Roosevelt offer with gratitude.

But if, as we have too much reason to know, his aim is the German domination by force of arms of Europe and ultimately of the world, he will reject it.

In that rejection he will fail as all tyrants are doomed to fail.

The price the world will pay for its freedom will be high, but it will be paid

AT MRS. FLUKE'S

Illustrated by Bertram Prance

First of a brilliant new short story series in which the adventures of a lovable landlady are told by—

B. L. JACOT

HEAVILY laden with her shopping bags, Mrs. Fluke paused for breath at the top of the area steps.

Miss Vereker—as she called herself—was in the act of letting herself daintily out of the front door, a fragment of hat dabbed over a pencilled eyebrow, and behind her, like a shadow, came the young man who occupied Mrs. Fluke's top back room.

"Well," puffed Mrs. Fluke, as she reached her kitchen, "he hasn't spoken to her yet. Nor never will. Not 'is sort: you mark my words!"

"It does seem a shame," the little maid-of-all-work ventured. "He worships the ground she walks on."

"And 'as done for a month," Mrs. Fluke commented.

A comfortably built, pink-cheeked widow, with the neatest boarding house in Orsetto Road, Fulham, in spite of her shrewdness and sharpness with the tradesmen, she had a soft heart and a tongue that loved to wag.

Mrs. Fluke had a way of mothering her lodgers and tenants of her two American flatlets.

"And that's as far as a milk-and-water young feller like 'im will get. That girl, having her photograph took for all the advertisements you see in the papers, thinks she owns the earth.

"He'd have to change his tactics to get 'er ladyship to notice 'im. Then 'e wouldn't want her notice, like as not."

"How would you make that out, m'm?" Annie asked. The two of them were busy preparing vegetables—Mrs. Fluke was a good cook—and she liked to tell her stories while working.

Years ago she had taken in Annie from an orphanage and raised her "like her own," as she called it, and there is no doubt that they were very fond of each other, keeping the house spotless, from billowing lace curtains to the well-sponged green of the aspidistra on its bamboo stand.

If Annie had heard some of Mrs. Fluke's reminiscences a good many times she never showed it. She listened round-eyed and was always a comfortable audience.

WELL (began Mrs. Fluke, dropping a sprout into the saucepan), it wasn't long after my 'usband was took from me, pore soul! Not that 'e didn't have his warning.

Come 'ome with a cough, and as soon as I 'eard it I knew. "That's a graveyard cough," I says to 'im. "You'll be follering that cough out o' the house with yer feet first, and not walkin'!" And in less than two months 'e was!

But this young feller as I'm tellin' you about came to me as one of my first lodgers, a quiet, decent sort of chap, full-board at 25s.

'E got took very bad over a young girl that worked in a flower-shop in the High Street and had the second floor back, her parents living at Horsham and she going home at week-ends.

I couldn't help feeling sorry for the boy. He was a writer, with a job that kep' him up at all hours, and this girl, Jean Kemp, bein' a striking-looking girl, had lots of all sorts of young men calling continual to take her out.

I saw pretty soon that young Mr. Fellows wasn't eatin', and all 'e could do when 'e got back from his work writing down in Fleet Street, or somewheres, was gape at Miss Kemp, or keep askin' me when she'd be back if she was out with one of the fellows she kep' dancing after her.

SHE took no notice of him, of course, having plenty of fellows with money to spend to take her out and give her a good time.

He was young, and a tallish boy, wiry, but fragile-looking. The less she noticed him the more wonderful 'e thought her—like it always is with young folk in their ignerance.

Then, doin' his room while he was at work, I noticed 'e was writing her poems and letters. I stopped to read one or two, wondering what they was about. And before I knew where I was it was dinner-time and I was still up in his room. I'd read the lot.

The letters 'e wrote her, never meaning to send them, were lovely. They took you off into a kind of dream, where you believed the sort of things might happen you knew never could happen.

He must have been a good writer, that Mr. Fellows. I often wonder what happened to him, arter he went off. I can still remember some of the things 'e wrote to that girl.

About something soft as the brush of a moth's wing, and webs of star dust in the moonlight, and the morning sun glinting in dewdrops cupped in nasturtium leaves, and the wind whispering in the tree-tops.

All about this girl, Miss Kemp. She was a beautiful girl, all right. An' she knew it!

It kind of made you feel—well, holy, to read those poems. You wouldn't notice how the time was going. Well, I see that this boy—'e wasn't no more than nineteen and this would be the first time 'e'd been in love, likely as not, it getting you worst the first time—he was getting white-faced and thin.

I COULD see he'd soon be ill, if he didn't get back on to his food and his proper sleep, instead of sitting up half the night writing about this girl. But his sort wasn't the bold sort. 'E'd write the poems, but he'd never dare send them to her.

"Look," I says to him one day. "I've got some seats for the Regal cinema for to-night, sent me on the free list. There's two of them. Would you like them? I expect Miss Kemp would like to go with you. I'll ask her, shall I?"

Well, she said she didn't mind and was free that night, and I've never seen a boy look like that one. You'd 'a thought he'd had a glimpse of Heaven. Perhaps he had at that, with writing about it so much.

But a big fellow with a car that had a job in getting advertisements come round that evening, and Miss Kemp must have forgotten about the cinema, for she went off with this other fellow, without letting Mr. Fellows know.

It was only the local cinema and

(Continued on page 24)

"It done me a power o' good to see 'im catch hold o' that Miss Kemp"

For White attractive Teeth

Do This

Twice a day

Sparkling white teeth emphasise the attractiveness of a woman's lips, add glamour to her personality. Use KOLYNOS regularly TWICE A DAY and see the difference. Dentists recommend it.

1/9d, 1/- and 6d
Of all Chemists and Stores.

TEETH STAY CLEANER LONGER

USE KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Thin Gillettes sell at a new low price for Gillette blades—6 for 1/-. Specially designed for tender skins, they will give you greater comfort and smoother, quicker, cleaner shaving than you've ever had from a low-priced blade. Golden in colour, honed to the famous super-sharp Gillette edge, these Thin Gillette blades mean better shaving at less cost! Buy a packet today.

"Don't know how we'll get along without you."
"I've told Emily all your little fads. She'll manage splendidly."
That salmon certainly was delicious, Emily. He'll be a lucky man who marries you.
"Oh Dad, it's easy really—you needn't be rich to be particular."

"You needn't be rich to be particular!"

What could please a faddy man better than a tempting dish of salmon—salmon so rich, so tender that it melts in the mouth; a generous cut from a noble red fish, cooked and sealed in its freshest prime—every morsel a tit-bit, not a drop of goodness lost—John West's Middle-cut, a meal in a moment for a hungry man, a treat at any time for a faddy one.

Insist on the best, and buy

JOHN WEST'S

Middle-cut SALMON

PELLING, STANLEY AND COMPANY, LTD., LIVERPOOL, AND 8 EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3
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"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

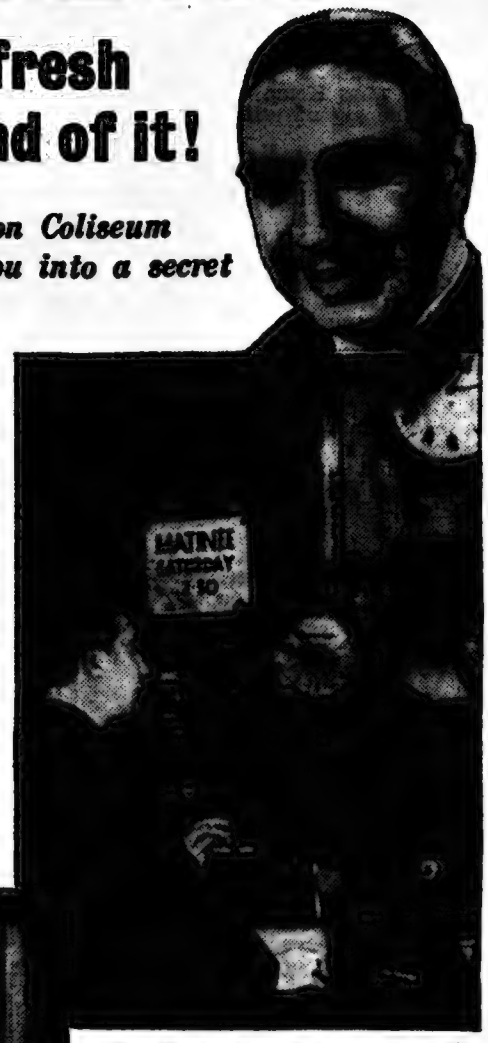
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

STAGE-MANAGER CHANGED SCENES 225 TIMES IN A DAY—

yet still felt fresh at the end of it!

FRED WILBY, *London Coliseum Stage-Manager, lets you into a secret of the profession:*

'Stage-managing at the Coliseum is a job that makes pretty big demands on vitality. Recently there were 75 changes of scene in one show—and we go through the whole thing twice a day and three times on Saturdays. I'm often at the theatre from 9 in the morning till midnight with hardly a moment free even to eat. It's at times like that I find Cadburys invaluable. I put a couple of twopenny blocks in my pocket in the morning and I know they keep me going all day and leave me still feeling fresh at the end of it. Cadburys Milk Chocolate is nourishing; it's easy to carry; easy to eat at any time in any place—I'm never without it.'



The Stage-Manager's corner—the brain centre of the theatre controlling lights, cues, curtains and scene changes.

The stage revolves—the biggest of its kind in the world. Three complete sets can be built on it at the same time.

THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU ON YOUR FEET—GIVES YOU TIRELESS ENERGY

2oz 2D

IT'S not only such busy people as Fred Wilby who need that bit of extra nourishment that Cadburys Milk Chocolate gives them. We *all* need it to keep us feeling at our best all the time. A glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk goes into every ¼ lb block. That and the high food value of the chocolate itself is what makes Cadburys Milk Chocolate such a fine energy snack. A full 2 oz block costs you only 2d. It slips easily into your bag or pocket and is always handy to help you over that tired feeling—get some to-day.

CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE

. . . feeds you on your feet

Continuing

At Mrs. Fluke's

nothing much so you can't blame her for forgetting She used to get out a lot, to expensive places in the West End.

She must have spoken to Mr. Fellows, though, for a few days later he took her out—to a theatre up West, and a restaurant, too. I guessed what had happened, for I had to pay his laundry bill for im that week.

The box of chocolates ne bought her was a sin and a shame, and about half a week's wages for him, him having no money to speak of

I spoke to him later. It seems he bought theatre tickets to go out with her again, and made a mistake about the night, wasting a pound for the tickets, since Miss Kemp was out that night with the big advertising man in his car.

"But I'm sure it was last night!" he swore. "I can't understand it."

"You're in a state," I told him. "You made a mistake. Miss Kemp's older than you. Why don't you——" But I had the sense not to finish it, seeing the desperate way he looked. Oh, that boy certainly thought she was everything that was beautiful and wonderful!—like in those poems.

Well, I'm not a one for interfering—unless it can't be helped.

It was those poems that made me make a terrible mistake. You see, there was one poem that made me cry whenever I slipped it out of his drawer to read it. He was asking to see her in it: all he begged was to kneel at her feet and look at her.

Sounds silly, but it was so beautiful it made you cry. I thought: "It'll make you cry, too, madam And do you good. And do us all good." So I put: "By the Fountain, to-night at nine!" on the back and slipped the poem under her door, second floor back.

It's no good tryin' to bottle these things up. You have to let them rip an' see which way they'll go. Whenever I see that Miss Vereker with her nose in the air, and that young man mooning about after her, I think of my Mr. Fellows—although I didn't see much of him after slipping that poem under Miss Kemp's door, as I'm telling you about.

WELL, it was a terrible mistake I'd made. Perhaps poetry don't mean nothin' to you unless you got a soft heart somewheres. Anyway, follering Miss Kemp up when she come in that evening I heard her, on the other side of her door, laughing to herself and laughing again as she read that poem.

I'd have given anything to get it back, but it was too late. The big man with the car came round after supper, and she showed him the poem, saying, wasn't it a scream! "I've got an unknown admirer!" she says. "Thinks I'm like moonlight on the water!"

"I'll teach him to admire you!" growls the big man. "I'll teach the rat to send you notes!"

Miss Kemp opens her eyes wide at him. "Oh, no! No violence, Henry, please. I beg of you. If you throw him in the fountain I'll never forgive you."

"He never said he was going to throw anyone in the fountain," I told her sharp. "Give me that poem."

"I'll keep it," the man said. "And I'll throw the little blighter in the fountain. It's a good idea."

"I couldn't stand it!" Miss Kemp promised. "What time does he say in the note? Nine o'clock?"

Well, it was bad enough them laughing over between themselves at the poem. Of course, my Mr. Fellows didn't know it, 'cause I hadn't told him anything yet. I thought a bit, then made up my mind.

I went up to his room and told him, confidential-like, that Miss Kemp had asked me to tell him she wanted to see him at the fountain—the one down Dennishe Crescent—at nine o'clock.

"You never sent 'im there, m'm!" Annie gasped. "Not with that man waiting to throw him in?"

Mrs. Fluke rattled the pot and, peering inside, carried it over to the gas-cooker. "Every time I see that fellow follering Miss Vereker round, I know I was right with Mr. Fellows. Some are born to foller others round. Some ain't.

"BUT you have to give things a chance to see which way they'll go. Yes, I sent him to the fountain, like I put in the note, to meet his beloved. And the big man crept up behind him and wallops him with his fists and shoves him into the basin. I was there. I seen it. And it done me good."

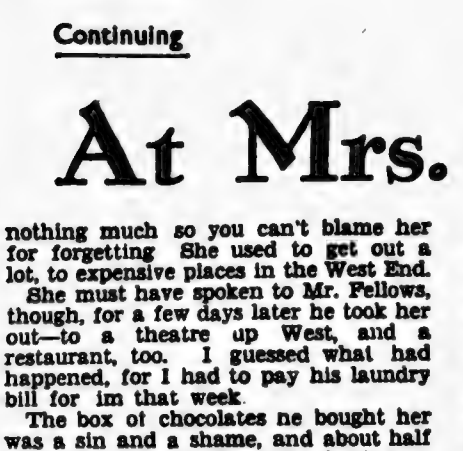
"It done you good, m'm?"

"My, yes! Something happened to that boy when he saw the girl laughing! 'E was a man when he climbed out o' that pond—and he knocked the other fellow out like a full-sized man, too! Oh, yes, it done me a power o' good to see 'im step over the big man as he lay groanin' and hiding his face in his hands and catch hold o' that Miss Kemp The squealin' she raised when 'e chucked her in!"

"Yes," sighed Mrs. Fluke, as she wiped her hands on the spotless towel and turned out some custards. "I saw 'is face as he passed me striding home, but 'e never saw me. 'E left next morning, and I never heard of him again. Where d'you put the rasberry jam, Annie?"

NEXT WEEK Mrs. Fluke snatches the verdict in a bout with high finance.

Prepare for Holiday Loveliness now..



Margaret Lockwood uses Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream

SURFACE BEAUTY IS NOT ENOUGH

The complexion you are caring for now will be faded and gone before your holiday begins. But what of the exquisite new tissue—the *underskin*—growing immediately beneath your present complexion? *That's* your holiday beauty: begin to cherish and enhance it now.

Make the magic-ingredient cream your regular beauty care. Potter & Moore's powder-cream not only gives your complexion a perfect matt powder finish but works to-day for to-morrow's beauty! Its secret ingredient penetrates your surface complexion right through to that lovely, growing underskin—to make it more radiant and beautiful than you ever thought possible. Use it regularly from now until your holiday, see how it brings out the loveliness within!

Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream is obtainable everywhere in six flattering shades. Tubes 6d.— Mirror-fitted Jars 1/- — Dressing Table Jars 2/6.

POTTER & MOORE'S POWDER-CREAM

"Brings out the Beauty Within"

"To banish games and a' that!"

Not from the B.B.C.

Good-bye to A' That

Wha'd want to play at dominoes
And throwin' darts, and a' that,
Where wine is red and whusky flows
And beer and stout, and a' that?

So Glasgow's rulers let's commend,
So wise are they, and a' that!
From public-houses they intend
To banish games, and a' that!

For boozin' is a better plan
Than playin' darts and a' that;
So cheer the ban and fill the can,
For a' that and a' that!

WITHIN a few hours of the decision of the city magistrates to forbid all games in public-houses, dart-boards were taken down in 100 Glasgow pubs., and a few hours later the foregoing rhyme, from my friend, Jock the Pint-Killer, reached Long Acre.

Jock, I may mention, is a man who treats wetgoods with proper respect.

He isn't one of your half-hearted drink fanciers who look upon a glass of something merely as a pleasant accompaniment to a game of cards or a survey of the political situation.

When he sets out to drink, Jock gives his whole mind to it, bringing to a glass of whisky or pint of beer the concentration of a Cambridge don faced with an abstruse mathematical problem.

For long he has looked upon those who play games in public-houses as effeminate intruders, as out of place in a venue devoted to the serious business of boozing as a team of schoolgirl cricketers at the Oval.

So it is not surprising that he should applaud the Glasgow magistrates. Still, I doubt if their decision was inspired by the idea that putting down games would allow more time for putting down pints.

Rather, I imagine, do they regard the games as a source of evil. Not only do they lack the refining associations of, say, fox-huntin', but—well, you know how it is—darts lead to shove-'a-penny, shove-'a-penny to halma, and from halma is it only a short step to bigamy.

Dominoes is even more insidious. Many a man, after a row with the missus or his other boss, has gone to a pub., intending merely to get sozzled, but has been beguiled into playing.

In this way he has become an addict, devoting to dominoes hours that could be employed brushing up his German or beating up the wife of his bosom.

Yes, draughts and darts and dominoes
Bring evil in their train!
I don't allege they stunt the growth
Or tend to warp the brain,
I don't say that they lead to debt
Or chronic unemployment!
Their vicious influence is shown
In this: that all such games are known
To lead to much enjoyment!

Y. Z.

'NOBODY WOULD THINK IT'S MONDAY TO LOOK AT YOUR FACE MISS EVERYWOMAN'

'Monday, is it? — I couldn't care. Bill Everyman and I are getting married next month. No more wrong numbers for me! He's just rung through to say it's all fixed.'

'*Why, my dear, I'm so glad. But I wasn't expecting a wedding for ages yet!*'

'Neither were we — and then Bill thought of the Drage Fifty Pay-Way. And we found that we could actually furnish the flat for scarcely more than 20/- as a first payment. That's buying over fifty pounds worth of furniture without deposit or anything. It's not a bit like ordinary hire purchase — they actually cover you against anything going wrong, like accidents and illness and things with something called a Security Pact. So we went along and chose from the loveliest and most enormous selection of furniture you ever saw . . . and they were as nice as nice.'

'*Sounds like heaven!*'

'Oh, darling, it is. I'm so happy, I can't tell you. You *must* tell your boy friend about it. Perhaps . . . !'

'*You can bet your best jumper I will. In fact, if you've a line free I'll 'phone and do it now.*'

'Take it in your own room dear . . . Hullo, I'll put you right through, Mr. Smith. Good morning — yes, isn't it a *lovely* day!'

THESE ARE THE TERMS THAT HAVE MADE THOUSANDS OF HAPPY MARRIAGES POSSIBLE

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★ Humanist's Page

"I'm a Modern Cinderella".

● *"Very often it's the girl who stays at home who marries well"*

MOST of us suffer from "moods" at some time or other. But they're not serious unless they threaten to become permanent. An evil mood is liable to stick in one quarter like an east wind in Springtime.

Victim of a particularly black gloominess is a young woman who is one of five daughters. The four oldest go out to earn their living, but the youngest stays at home to help her invalid mother.

There are two reasons for this youngest girl's bitterness, as one of her sisters explains in the following letter:—

"Her one ambition is to marry and have a family. Every time she hears of anyone getting married she 'goes off the deep end' and says they can all get husbands except herself.

If she hears of an elderly person having misfortune, she sees herself in the same plight when she gets older.

Mother has suggested that she should get a position away from home, but to every suggestion she says that she is too old to start now."

Nonsense! She is not yet thirty, so she is still in the first half of life. And women of forty and fifty have interesting careers nowadays.

A girl does not necessarily get a chance to marry by going out to work. Thousands of women don't, and many who get the chance refuse to take it because they prefer a career to domestic duties.

Very often it's the girl who stays at home who marries well. So long as she doesn't say to herself, "I'm just a modern Cinderella."

She can join in the social life of the village—running women's institutes, dramatic societies, choral societies, rambling clubs and dances.

But there is another trouble.

She has always attended church and until lately took an interest in good things. But she has been badly treated by people who are professing christians, and this experience has made her think that God does not care what happens to her.

She has, indeed, lost her faith in religion, and this is upsetting her parents.

I am writing to you as a last resource. A few words from you will do more good than anything her relatives can say. We shall be very grateful for your help.

Well, let me say this about loss of faith:

A bad christian does far more harm than all the attacks on religion by its enemies, but we ought to realise that the discovery of bad christians does not prove that the christian religion is untrue.

The existence of bad half-crowns does not prove that there are no good half-crowns. It proves the opposite!

We know a coin is false only because the genuine coins exist.

So the girl who has been unfortunate enough to meet some "fake" christians must not jettison her faith in the real thing. She has given way to emotion instead of thinking the matter out.

She ought not to fling away all her ideals because a few people fall short. A man might just as well give up his political beliefs because his marriage has turned out a disappointment.

It will be fated if she becomes embittered and lets the "black mood" take possession of her altogether.

NOW for another sort of mood—a blue one. The letter comes from a woman teacher and will, I think, interest a great many mothers:

Until recently I have always had to deal with children in the junior school. I got on well with them because I understood them.

Last year, however, I was transferred to a new school and have to teach girls in their early 'teens.

I find them difficult. They are at an awkward age and some of them are "problems."

They are all liable to "moods."

Sometimes a girl will look unspeakably miserable for days on end. She may sit in a corner and cry bitterly, yet tell me she does not know why. Then she may suddenly dry her eyes and behave like a tomboy.

I used to be moody myself at that age, but I don't seem able to do or say anything to help. If I do succeed in comforting her, she is too grateful and may develop a "pash" which to a teacher is no joking matter.

Can you give me any practical advice about this very common difficulty?

I think I can explain.

As everybody knows, most boys and girls go through an awkward age when they knock things down and move about clumsily. They are growing so fast that their muscles have not adjusted themselves to longer limbs.

It is only a passing phase: they soon get a proper control of themselves and the awkwardness disappears.

In a similar way, they are growing mentally and emotionally; but for a time they are not properly adjusted.

They have not the perfect control of their feelings. Hence the moods of meaningless dejection and despair.

But they grow out of it in a little while. While it lasts they are very unhappy. They feel they are neither children nor adults. They feel lost.

ONE cannot prevent this trouble, which comes to nearly all young people in their 'teens, but we can at least assure them that their moods are part of the process of growing-up and that later on they will forget about it.

It is useless scolding and lecturing. They need sympathy and understanding and as little interference as possible.

If they are allowed to "work out their own salvation" they will recover more quickly than if they are bullied or preached at.

We adults should remember our own experiences. They may be only temporary, but while they last they are intolerable.

Now for the third letter, which deals with a very different sort of mood.

I am thirty-five and have been married eleven years. I have a good wife, and we have been very happy and good "pals," though I don't say all the nice things she expects.

Now a girl is upsetting my life. She is only fifteen, but from the first time our eyes met she had a strange hold on me.

I don't talk much to her because in a mill they soon pick on things like that; maybe that is why I feel so upset.

I feel I could talk to her for hours on end. She never encourages me, yet I'm sure she likes me because she sometimes gives me a sidelong glance.

When she smiles I could give her anything.

At home I have become morose—and my wife has noticed the change. She says I have become cold towards her.

She has asked me if there is anything on my mind—and has even jokingly suggested that there is another woman.

If only I could have a good long talk to the girl I might be able to put matters right.

She is a really good girl and I would not do anything to spoil things for her. But that song "Night and Day" gives you all my feelings.

Could you suggest some way out?

Well, I know what many people would say about this man.

They would tell him it is disgusting for a man of thirty-five to be fascinated by a girl of fifteen.

He has a wife who is a good pal to him. Why should he give a thought to anyone else?

But I am more anxious to understand than to call him names. Such things do happen; they are part of human nature.

In fact, an American psychologist says that the average person falls in love about seven times!

Not "falling in love" perhaps—but passing fancies and brief infatuations.

I know no more about the man than his letter tells me. He is sincere enough and he means no harm to the girl.

BUT he makes no mention of any family and I keep wondering whether what he feels for this girl is not the misplaced affection which would normally go to a daughter?

It may be a father-instinct gone astray. I don't know, mind you. I am guessing.

At any rate, his feeling for the girl is protective. He realises he is old enough to be her father.

Possibly a talk to the girl would restore him to normal. The tantalising glimpses he has—the sidelong looks and occasional smiles—keep him in unnatural suspense.

His wife suspects that his interest has wandered elsewhere, but I hope she does not accuse him of evil intentions. If she would invite the girl to the house and let the husband talk to her, his curiosity would probably be satisfied.

What the man should not do is to attempt to see the girl in secret. That would only create trouble for both of them.

● HUMANIST

invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

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Constipation can ruin a good complexion. Everyone knows this. That's why the sensible modern girl takes Beechams Pills—the most famous of all laxatives, gentle, natural, effective, reliable. Take them yourself!
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Here's help for you—in Pond's Creams containing the "SKIN-VITAMIN"

LADY ANNE HILL (above)

Before her recent marriage Lady Anne combined a social life with business. "Luckily my skin didn't need elaborate attention for Pond's Cold Cream has always kept it in good condition," she explains. She is out-of-doors a lot yet her complexion never loses its exquisite look. "I've found that Pond's Vanishing Cream makes it smooth *at once* for powder. And now, thanks to the 'skin-vitamin,' these creams are even more marvellous. They have made my skin much smoother, fresher and finer."

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Transparent. Her skin is delicate, transparent as a baby's. You can clear away muddiness and dullness—by faithful use of Pond's Cream which now contains the "skin-vitamin." For this vitamin makes the skin healthy.

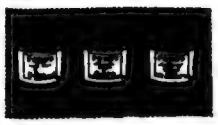
Silky Smooth. No roughness or coarseness mars Gloria's skin. You can have that petal smoothness, too — it's one effect of the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream.

No Gaping Pores. Big pores don't bother her. They needn't bother you, for Pond's Cream with the "skin-vitamin" makes pores smaller.

Without a Line. Not even frown or smile lines here. And one thing you'll soon notice from using Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" is that it softens lines and wrinkles.

No Blemishes. She couldn't expect romance if her skin were blemished. *Neither can you!* But you can make your skin healthy by using Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin." Then blemishes and spots won't come.

DOCTORS reported recently that one certain vitamin, *when applied to the skin's surface* healed it quickly. Scientists next discovered that skin faults appeared when there was lack of this vitamin but when Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" was applied, these faults were promptly corrected. Then Pond's put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. Start *today* with Pond's Creams and see the wonderful difference in your skin—within a few weeks.



Look for a small "SV" on the label. This means the cream contains the "skin-vitamin." It is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, splendid for a quick cleanse.

Not just a 'head and shoulders' beauty

. . . I'm SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION all over!

I've been singing in my bath! I feel grand, fresh, radiant, for I've just hopped out of a bath with Palmolive. I love the soapy, silky lather of Palmolive—rich with olive oil. And it's olive oil that thoroughly cleanses, gently soothes, and beautifies all at once. My Palmolive bath is a daily habit now. So I'm Schoolgirl Complexion all over—I'm as proud to show my back as to show my face!

OLD AGE caused by RAYS!

That human life may be prolonged indefinitely is the startling theory advanced by scientists who have discovered that old age is caused by "cosmic rays." Now planned are attempts to kill the "death ray" in laboratories with 20 ft. thick lead walls. You can read all about these amazing experiments in the May "Armchair Science," out TO-DAY. Don't miss *Pilotless Planes; Test Tube Babies; Exploding Stars, etc.* 100 pages, 28 Articles and Features, 77 Photographs, Drawings and Diagrams. Get your copy to-day!

ARMCHAIR SCIENCE—6D.

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Don't overlook the offer on page 18. The new 1939 Berkeley Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for 5/- with order. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent free and post free on receipt of the Coupon or write mentioning "John Bull" to H. J. Searle & Son, Ltd., (Dept. J.B.) 70-78, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.

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Supplied Narrow, Medium or Wide as desired.

Forgotten Sisters Are Needed Now

These women have answered the nation's call for emergency nurses. Mr. Walter Elliot, Health Minister, has appealed for 100,000. But there is a shortage of nurses for the ordinary hospital needs of the country. Because the life has been all sacrifice and no reward

Nurse to share Millionaire's Fortune.

Lord Mayor to Wed Nurse.

YOU see the headlines, think perhaps that a ward is a strange place for romance to begin, and forget about the thousands of other nurses whose patience, kindliness and skill go unnoticed.

For only those who have spent weeks or months in hospital realise how nurses are ignored—until they are needed.

We, the nation, need them now.

We need 100,000 for hospital auxiliary services during war-time.

Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Health, pleaded for volunteers in the House of Commons last week.

It is a notorious, unpleasant fact that of all branches of A.R.P. organisation the nursing side has met with the least response from the young women of the country.

But, apart altogether from emergency calls, 12,000 young women are needed every year to train for the regular nursing profession.

That is the minimum requirement of hospitals and public health institutions. And they are finding acute difficulty in recruiting probationers. The great general hospital and the country cottage home are hit equally badly.

Some have even found it necessary to enlist nursing trainees from foreign countries. They cannot get the right type of British candidate.

RECENTLY a twenty-year-old maternity hospital in South London had to *close down* because of the shortage of skilled assistance.

Think of that! Our young women are failing to fill gaps in the service which provides the greatest opportunity for well-doing.

We know the reason: The incredibly hard conditions under which nurses are normally expected to work. For them it is all sacrifice and no reward.

Times without number JOHN BULL has drawn public attention to the slavery of hospital nursing, and has demanded a form of "Nurses' Charter" to right the outstanding wrongs.

Now it is imperative that something be done. A Nursing Reserve must be formed.

JOHN BULL, after consultation with the medical and nursing authorities, puts forward its own scheme.

The State Registered nurse stands at the head of her profession. She is the woman who has passed through every grade of medical and surgical case, and has proved her capacity in repeated examinations.

But there are thousands of other women who have not graduated to State registration, yet have received some hospital training.

Form, therefore, a register of "Assistant Nurses."

Admittance to such a new register should be allowed to women who have had at least two years' hospital training. The medical officer of health in every district should be asked to act as an honorary assessor to pass or disqualify applicants.

The duty of examination would not call for more than an occasional half-hour of spare time.

And even overworked medical officers of health do have some spare time—their golf club handicaps show that.

Now for another class that could be brought into the national scheme. . . .

Many women, particularly in country districts, have practised nursing without any qualification except that of home experience.

Among them are excellent nurses who can do everything except in difficult surgical cases.

WHY should not they be permitted to go for examination and test before their local "M.O.H." to gain recognition as "Registered Invalid Attendants"?

In these three grades—the State registered nurse, the registered assistant nurse, and the registered invalid attendant—lies the foundation for a national organisation capable of quick expansion in emergency.

One interesting suggestion put to JOHN BULL is the formation of an officially recognised "Nursing Reserve" to which elderly, fully qualified nurses not perhaps able to bear the normal long hours of hospital work should be admitted.

This reserve would be in effect a kind of "Nursing Veterans Corps."

Advancing age is a greater handicap in nursing than in any other women's occupation.

Few hospitals like to employ nurses over forty. The work is so hard that only an exceptionally strong middle-aged woman can possibly cope with it.

Private nursing is the only chance for the elderly qualified woman, and there again most doctors—and patients—prefer younger, more alert nurses.

AND in addition there is much less demand for private nursing to-day than even ten years ago.

That is due to extension of flat life, which makes it essential—owing to the smallness of accommodation — for patients to go into nursing homes and hospitals.

It is the grimmest tragedy that thousands of elderly, skilful nurses are out of employment, and living in poverty.

For a State Registered nurse is a professional woman, and therefore has no unemployment insurance. Bad times mean inevitable recourse to the public assistance or relatives.

Yet every elderly trained nurse could be used to fill the hospitals' present and emergency need if only proper, intelligent consideration was given to their age and physical strength.

Establish the nursing reserve of veterans, and this can be done.

'Incurable' Indigestion relieved in 5 minutes!

You may have suffered so long that you regard your indigestion as incurable. But try 'Bisurated' Magnesia after your next meal—*you'll get wonderful relief in 5 minutes.* By preventing fermentation, and instantly neutralising excess acidity—which causes practically all stomach trouble—'Bisurated' Magnesia stops pain at once, and restores normal, healthy digestion. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is sold at 1/3 and 2/6 (powder or tablets) by all chemists. Tablets, trial size 6d. Doctors and Hospitals the world over use and prescribe it for all forms of stomach trouble.

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Human Machine

Don't Be Childish!

ONCE we cease to be children, responsibility settles down on us whether *we* seek it or not. Responsibility is a fact belonging to manhood, and, like other facts, it has to be faced.

Almost every moment of every day we are called on to answer two questions: "What shall I do?" and "How shall I do it?"

Of course, none of us is forced to answer these questions: but if we don't, if we behave like ostriches and bury our heads to avoid seeing the problems that face us, then we merely allow others to shoulder our responsibilities for us.

You can stand on your own feet or you can let someone else carry you on his back—that is your choice, and you have no other.

You can argue round this question till you're blue in the face, but it still comes down to that. You either shoulder your own responsibilities or let someone else shoulder them.

If you let someone else shoulder them, then you're an irresponsible person. You prove yourself incapable of thinking and acting for yourself.

You're worse than that. Although you're grown up physically you're still only a child mentally: for you're playing the game of "Let's pretend," and that's a game that belongs only to childhood.

Lots of people play "Let's pretend"! They do it every time they run away from difficulties and obstacles instead of facing up to them and solving them.

* * *

They do it every time they are afraid to look at facts. They do it every time they dodge—or try to dodge—life.

For you can't really dodge life. It will get you in the end. Sooner or later your game of pretence will be exposed and make you look very silly.

Better far to face the trouble and difficulty as it comes and make a job of it. It's the only path that has "Happiness" on its signpost.

TOOK GUIDE—WON £200

Mr. F. N. Pearson.

"Is there usually a guide in a Clue?" That was the question sixty-three-year-old Mr. F. N. Pearson, 8, Pitman Road, Weston-super-Mare, asked himself when he was working on his favourite hobby, JOHN BULL'S Crosswords.

A Clue is itself a Guide, this keen competitor said to himself—but surely there's usually a railway guide to be found in a Club. So down went "Club" on Mr. Pearson's coupon. He completed it with other carefully selected Answers—and won £200!

Turn to page 36 and, by answering this week's Clues in the same common-sense way, you can win a lifetime's reward of a 25s. cheque every Saturday!

HER HEART'S ON HER SLEEVE

– BUT JIMMY DOESN'T WANT IT!

WHY, BETTY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE DANCING WITH THAT BOY I'VE HEARD YOU SPEAK OF SO OFTEN!
NO SUCH LUCK, AUNTIE! I'M CRAZY ABOUT JIMMY— BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M ON EARTH.
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WHEN A BOY IGNORES AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL LIKE YOU, BETTY. IF I WERE YOU, DEAR, I'D—WELL, I'D SPEAK TO OUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!
TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH, AND TESTS ALSO SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM.
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL RING, BETTY. BUT I'M AFRAID JIM'S BEEN VERY EXTRAVAGANT!
NOTHING BUT THE BEST IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR BETTY!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

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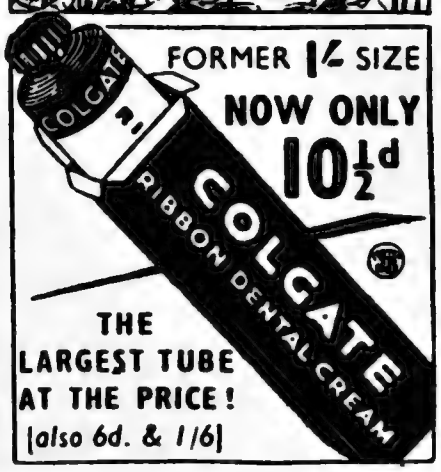

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23

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HOME lovers should make a point of getting a copy of Drage's New Furnishing Catalogue, which contains illustrations of their fine furnishings, detailed prices and full particulars of their famous 50 Pay Way Easy Terms and special protection services, including Fire, Death, Accident or Illness. Fill in the coupon on p. 25 for your FREE copy of this new furnishing catalogue. Post coupon in unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and address, Drage's Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 72-77, Oxford St., London, W.1.

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It keeps your liver KEEN

You take it every morning

And its name is LIVACLEAN

Girls—men—everybody! here's a splendid new health salt that makes every day a breezy, energetic day. **No more dismal, good-for-nothing feelings. No more sluggish health or sad complexions.** Livaclean gives life zest and sparkle. It pretty well halves your work by doubling your energy. Eyes brighten, skin clears, step grows jaunty. A bubbling daily glass rids your blood of poisons and waste by giving the liver new liveliness and vigour. Livaclean assures the full flow of bile so necessary to keep intestinal digestion active, and healthy. It refreshes the blood. Take Livaclean every morning.

Price 9d. per tin. Double size economy tin 1/4.

IT'S MADE BY MACLEANS

LIVACLEAN

keeps your liver LIVELY

FRENCH LEAVE

I walked across to the staff captain who was hovering about and held out my hand. He raised it to his lips and kissed it

HOW I longed for a real, clean bed with sheets. The strain of the last few days had broken my nerves and I wanted only rest.

For almost a week the battle had gone on and badly wounded men were being brought into our ramshackle dressing station all the time.

We had no chance to settle. The German advance was sweeping us monotonously back and marching orders could not keep pace with "Jerry's" drive.

It was early in the Great War and I was serving as a nursing sister in France. I was really in the Naval Nursing Service but had been transferred because of the Army's shortage of nurses.

I still wore my naval uniform—if I hadn't this story would never have been told.

We were in an old railway station that morning when word came through that a lorry was to fetch me to take me on a short leave.

I looked round at the broken-down train we were using as a "ward," at the old "General" omnibuses with the lettering not quite painted out—and I sighed with relief.

A rest—a respite from the nerve-racking tension that broke the spirit even of trained nurses.

I waited impatiently for the lorry.

But nothing happened. Hours rolled on and still it did not appear. The waiting became intolerable. Finally I could stick it no longer.

Seeing a French armoured car going down to the rail-head I told the two men in charge that I wanted to go with them. They politely made way for me.

We escaped a shell coming over by the skin of our teeth on the way but reached our destination safely. There I found a French staff officer, who smiled and saluted.

After scrutinising me carefully, and examining my papers, he invited me to accept the hospitality of his mess. But he kept my papers.

"But, Captain," I said, "I have only short leave and I am in great hurry to catch the leave train."

"Ah, leave," he replied. "Yes—but, Sister, the train will not go for some time. You will come with me to the mess, yes?"

I must admit they were polite and friendly. I was given the most comfortable box to sit on and hot black coffee to drink. I sipped it impatiently. My leave was petering out minute by minute.

"My train . . .?" I inquired often. Always the officers reassured me. Directly it was ready to start I should be told, yes, most certainly, "mees."

How weary I was, and, despite the black coffee, dead sleepy. I would have given anything to be settled in the leave train—able to snatch a little sleep.

•

GRADUALLY I sensed that the men who came every now and then were looking at me carefully. I put it down to French curiosity, though it struck me they might have made their visits a little less obvious.

All the time the staff officers were polite. They asked me questions about my hospital train and where I had been, but nothing very searching. I was reticent, for our improvised secrets were—well, our secrets.

I noticed that whenever strangers popped in to stare at me they were followed by the staff officer.

And each time he returned he looked a shade more thoughtful. None the less as he talked to me he was as charming and suave as before.

"When will the train leave, please?" I implored him.

"The train, eh?" he answered lightly. "Ah, yes, he go very soon, mees. Do not worry."

I did worry. There was something about this detention I did not like.

Behind the buzz and chatter of French and indifferent English, and the blur of smiling faces, I felt more and more convinced that for some reason they wanted to detain me.

At last I could stand it no longer. I got up from the box and walked across to the staff captain who was hovering about. I held out my hand. He raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"Captain," I cried. "This is more than a joke. Please give me back my papers. I can't wait here any longer."

"No?" he queried, raising his eyebrows, "I am sorry, but you may not leave here, Sister."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed indignantly. I tried to push past him.

Unexpectedly at this moment the door was thrown open from outside, and to my huge relief I saw an English officer walk in.

I HAD met him in the course of my duties. He was a Staff-Major, and one of the aides-de-camp of General French. He recognised me at once, and looked half-amused as he returned my captor's salute.

"Hullo, Sister, what are you doing here?" he asked.

"I have not the faintest idea," I said, "except that I am losing my short leave waiting for a train which I don't believe exists."

"You won't catch it here," he said.

"I know," I cried, "but these French officers are holding me a prisoner."

He turned to the French staff-captain and spoke quickly. I could not tell what he said, but the result was that my papers were handed back and the Frenchman apologised.

Major Morris—as I will call him—laughed and gave a low whistle.

"A close shave!" he exclaimed. "Now come along, Sister. I am going down to the base, and you can join me in my car."

The French officers assembled to see us depart. We were ushered away as though we were a bridal party.

As the chauffeur started Major Morris gripped my arm. He was looking across the jumbled village square to a barn wall.

"Another half-hour and you'd have been the centre of a little drama over there," he murmured.

I gasped. So that was it.

"BUT surely my identification papers, my uniform, Major?"

"A German woman spy has been very active in this sector," he replied. "She dressed as a Naval Nursing Sister. And they decided you fitted the bill.

"If I hadn't turned up when I did there'd have been a quick court-martial. Then that wall . . . and a firing squad."

I sat back. Days of tension had done their work. Blackness dropped like a curtain before my eyes.

"It's war, Sister," said a distant voice. "Don't go by armoured cars again . . ."

I fainted.

Reader's Story by MARY HALPIN, Clare Court, London, W.C.

Five Guineas is offered for your real life adventure story, if accepted, length not exceeding 1,200 words. A stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable should be enclosed.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

HEALED HER SCALDED LEG

Yorkshire.

Dear Sirs,

I must write a few lines with regard to your wonderful *Germolene*. I am a mother with six children and I scalded my leg from knee to my toes with a kettle of boiling water. When I got my stocking off the skin came with it . . . I was in bed a month . . . I was very ill with shock, but thanks to your *Germolene*, I cannot speak enough praise about it, I am better and going about again and quite cured. (Signed) Mrs. A.B.

The WONDER HEALER

GERMOLENE soothes at a touch, cools inflammation, reduces swelling, banishes soreness and pimples—gaping wounds close and are healed over with healthy new skin! The worst of skin troubles such as:

ECZEMA, BAD LEG, PIMPLES, BOILS, SPRING RASH,

are banished and not a mark or scar remains to show where once they were!! Get a tin of GERMOLENE yourself TO-DAY!

6d 1/3, 3/-, & 12/- Per Tin

A 20-YEAR VICTIM OF INDIGESTION

Now perfectly well!

That's not an uncommon experience. Thousands of people have suffered from digestive disorders for 20 years or more and then obtained complete relief through Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. There's nothing drastic about Mother Seigels, but relief is felt from the very first dose. Slowly but surely, the digestive organs are toned up—given new life. Food is digested more easily, and even hearty meals don't cause pain. With the digestion right, your nerves will be steadier, you'll sleep better, and feel better. All this thanks to Mother Nature, who provides the medicinal roots, herbs and barks from which Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup is made. Try it. 1/3 and 3/- at chemists everywhere. It will do you a world of good.

PUT ON POUNDS AS I DID

In a month I had put on many lbs. Read the letter describing this wonderful experience:—"Until a few months ago I was one of the army of scraggy and weak victims. I dreaded public appearances and grew morose and scared . . . I tried dieting, exercises, patent foods and specifics, but never a sign of success. After repeated failures I was persuaded to try Iryona, and the result was most astounding. In a month I had put on twenty-eight pounds and was transformed from a skinny, undersized girl weighing 7 stone to a well-formed being full of energy and vitality."

MEN If you are thin, with sunken chest, "spindle-shanks," flabby, pale cheeks and weak appearance, Iryona will give you a strong, healthy figure and increased stamina and physique. "IRYONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 3 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from IRYONA (Dept. 207), 1, GREEK STREET, LONDON, W.1. No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

A Typical IRYONA Figure of Beauty.

A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 9d. ONLY

A Revelation

AT NINEPENCE PER OUNCE

Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists

One-ounce moisture-proof packets **9d**

'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets 8d. *Two-ounce tins* **1/6**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED

Every Sufferer from CATARRH

can now conquer the CAUSE

ONCE & for ALL

Remarkable Health Discovery

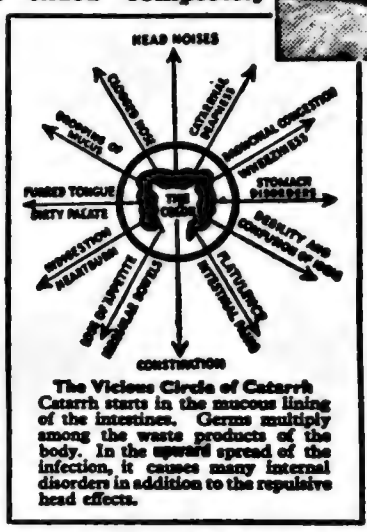
Simple Home Treatment proved to YOU under PUBLIC GUARANTEE.

Let it be clearly understood what is meant by the words—"ONCE AND FOR ALL" in the above. They mean that a method of Treatment has at last been found that you follow for a certain prescribed time AND THEN STOP AND TAKE NO MORE. At the end of that time your Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises are ended completely *and do not return.*

Mr. Allan Cooper, whose discovery has revolutionised the Treatment of Catarrh, also wishes to state the following with equal emphasis and clearness. YOU ARE NOT ASKED TO RISK A SINGLE PENNY TO PROVE IT.

So successful is the treatment, as evidenced by more than 100,000 sufferers who have been completely freed from the nauseating complaint by its means, that it is now offered under Public Guarantee.

Sufferers who write to Mr. Cooper to-day will be sent full information free of charge, together with a written undertaking that the Treatment shall have proved itself IN YOUR CASE By May 18 or you pay nothing. Further details of this remarkable offer are given in Mr. Allan Cooper's personal statement below.



The Vicious Circle of Catarrh
Catarrh starts in the mucous lining of the intestines. Germs multiply among the waste products of the body. In the upward spread of the infection, it causes many internal disorders in addition to the repulsive head effects.

The Head Effects of Catarrh are merely Symptoms of a far more serious internal Condition. You have Catarrh long before the head becomes clogged. No treatment can succeed unless it reaches the colon and removes the internal cause.

You can stop Catarrh **OVER-NIGHT** and clear the system completely in a few weeks. No need to wait and pay out a lot of money—I will tell you how—**FREE.**

CATARRH BEGINS IN THE COLON

Facts that have saved 100,000 from CATARRH for GOOD

Bitter experience has already taught many sufferers from chronic Catarrh how they can sometimes get temporary relief. A good inhalant frequently clears the stuffed-up breathing passages . . . for a while. A good douche or sprayer often stops the horrible droppings in the throat . . . for a few hours. And you can get some relief from heavy catarrhal headaches . . . with aspirin. But none of these remedies prevent you from being just as bad again to-morrow. Why? Because none reaches the **CAUSE.** They simply relieve the head effects while the real cause persists unchecked.

You do not need me to tell you that you can never get rid of Catarrh that way—**YOU KNOW IT.** I know it, too, because I was once a sufferer myself—as chronic and wretched a case as anyone reading this paper to-day. For years I tried every treatment, drug, diet and patent medicine that money could buy. Time and again I was told in so many words—"Relief was all I could expect."

Then I began seriously experimenting myself, because I realised that unless the cause could be found there **NEVER WOULD BE A CURE.** This was the first step which led to the discovery of the now famous dual dispersal treatment. We had all been looking for the cause of Catarrh **IN THE HEAD.** We were wrong. I was privileged to discover what is now generally recognised—that Catarrh actually begins in the **COLON**; the catarrhal germs spreading upwards through the system to cause the distressing Symptoms so familiar to every sufferer.

What proofs have I that this is so? The only proofs that matter. Not only that I personally have been free from every trace of the repulsive disease for ten years, but that I have since been able to banish Catarrh completely for 100,000 other sufferers of all ages and conditions with equally successful results.

These are the facts that now enable me to say—"I will guarantee to do the same for YOU."

My treatment is quite different. It has been perfected by myself and is known only to me. It is quite simple. You can use it at home without inconvenience or need of instruments. Under its influence the **CAUSE** of spitting, sneezing, nose-blowing, heartburn, head noises, partial deafness and headaches is quickly corrected. It clears the colon, intestines and head gently and completely.

The information that I shall send you tells you what to do and how you shall see proof on your own person by May 18 without the risk of a penny. If you delay your reply you must add one or two days to this guaranteed date. I cordially invite every sufferer to apply **NOW** on the free coupon I have printed below. Please send no money, but if you care to enclose a 1½d. stamp to cover the postage of my reply, it will be greatly appreciated.

CURED AFTER MANY YEARS OF SUFFERING

"... I am feeling now so much better in every way and, in fact, quite free from all trace of Catarrh. It is wonderful to be free after so many years of suffering. I am sincerely grateful to you for your kind attention, advice and your Treatment; it is wonderful. I will certainly recommend you."
B. T., Notting Hill Gate, W.8.

FREE *How to treat YOUR Catarrh with GUARANTEED Success by Thursday, May 18.*

POST NOW

MR. ALLAN COOPER,
90 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation kindly tell me how I can permanently rid myself of Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

NAME .....
(Please print in BLOCK Letters)

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....
John Bull, 29.4.39.

The 12-Bore Gun Mystery

"We came on him lying by the side of a ditch. The gun was there"

IN the lonely woods on the heel of land that makes the beginning of Loch Fyne, Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough, young heir to £150,000, was shot dead.

As he fell a gun slipped from his hand. There were two men with him, and one of them also carried a gun.

Who had fired?

The more detectives tried to answer that question the more complications they discovered.

They found that young Hambrough's life was insured for £20,000. And at times they felt themselves lost in the history of reversionary interests, entails and loans.

When the story of what had been thought a simple shooting accident came to be told in court there were 139 witnesses and 469 exhibits!

As the Clyde steamer, on her regular passage from Glasgow through the Crinan Channel to Oban, heads out of the Kyles of Bute, and with helm to starboard turns into the beginning of Loch Fyne, you can see on a point of land the grey, many-windowed shape of Ardlamount, a fine house in the Scottish style.

Standing in its domain of woods and parkland, it is forgotten now. Forgotten except by the Scottish lawyers, who still try to solve the "Mystery of Ardlamount."

Young Windsor Hambrough was the son of a soldier and wanted in turn to secure an Army commission.

With that object he was turned over to the care of Alfred John Monson, an Army tutor of some repute. The arrangement made was that Monson should receive £300 a year for this service from Major Hambrough, the father.

So it can be said—and it was said most emphatically when Monson came to be tried for murder—that he had good reason to keep Hambrough, Jun., alive and *not to kill him.*

But that £300 a year was more in the air than in Monson's pocket. Payment was to be made when Major Hambrough's affairs were straightened.

The Major had mortgaged his estates to the limit, and was overweighted with debt.

Monson himself was not prospering. He lived mainly on borrowing, and on what his wife could provide from her small expectations.

In conjunction with a London moneylender he had tried to "wangle" an assortment of deals to get control of the reversionary interest in the Hambrough estates, and had failed owing to difficulties of breaking the entail.

That, briefly, was the position when Monson—with the assistance of his moneylender friend—took a lease on Ardlamount House, Argyllshire, at a yearly rental of £450.

IT was a curious move, for at the time Monson was reduced to borrowing from tradesmen, while Mrs. Monson was visiting a pawnbroker.

Incidentally, the rent on Ardlamount was never fully paid.

Well, when the Monsons moved to their fine new Scottish home, young Windsor Hambrough went with them to enjoy the shooting and fishing, and in spare moments to cram for the Army.

Soon after, Monson was busy around insurance offices in Glasgow negotiating a £20,000 insurance on the life of his pupil.

To the natural questions of the insurance brokers, Monson replied that Hambrough was going to purchase Ardlamount, and the insurances were intended as part security against money to be advanced to him by Mrs. Monson for that purpose.

NOT that Mrs. Monson could have advanced 20,000 farthings. She had no money left of her own.

In due course the insurances were effected, and Monson paid the first premiums out of a cheque for £250, deposit on the rent of Ardlamount received from the London moneylender.

After which guileless young Hambrough formally assigned the life policies—£10,000 each to Monson and his wife—for "consideration received."

He wrote a letter to Mrs. Monson in which he said: "If you will pay the premiums on the two policies of insurance on my life I am willing that you shall hold the policies as security for all moneys due to you from me, and as security for all liabilities incurred by you on my behalf, and in the event of my death occurring before the repayment of these moneys you will be the sole beneficiary of these policies."

Very nice indeed—on the surface. But Hambrough when he made those assignments *was a minor*, acting without consent of his father, and consequently the assignments could not have been valid in law.

Events moved to their "max with the appearance at Ardlamount of a man passing under the name of Scott, who professed to be a marine engineer.

He came from Glasgow to inspect the machinery of a small steam yacht which young Hambrough hoped to buy, and he stayed as guest in the house.

ALTHOUGH Scott ostensibly had a job of work to do he never attempted to carry it out. He did not inspect the yacht, lying at a near anchorage. He idled around with Monson and the young man.

They went fishing one night. And a strange thing happened. The boat in which Monson and Hambrough were together sank.

Hambrough could not swim, but, according to the story Monson told later, he managed to cling to a rock. Monson swam ashore, put out in another boat, and rescued his pupil.

On the following morning Mrs. Monson and her children left early for shopping in Glasgow.

The three men decided to go shooting in Ardlamount Woods. When they left the house Hambrough was carrying a short-barrelled 20-bore gun, Monson an ordinary 12-bore. Scott did not have a gun.

Hambrough did not come back alive. Shots were heard echoing from the woods. A few minutes later Monson and Scott came hurrying back with the news there had been an accident.

A party of servants carried the shattered body to the house, and the

(Continued on page 34)

CONSIDER YOUR VERDICT

— 4 —

A shooting accident? Or a carefully planned murder? What do you think? asks our famous crime reporter—

STANLEY BISHOP

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and, being a liquid, you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle to-day. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

RHEUMATISM

New hope for weary sufferers

Every doctor knows the unfortunate effects of disappointment on a patient's condition—and what sufferers are so exposed to disappointment as the poor Rheumatism victim? Time and again weary hopes are raised by new remedies and treatments. But weeks pass and the cruel torture scarcely lessens. Or maybe it lessens for a brief while, only for joints and limbs soon to be racked and crippled afresh.

The hope that Fynnon Salt offers is more solid because it is based on its phenomenal success in countless difficult cases. In Fynnon you get powerful elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, the curative "Salts of the Earth" found in celebrated Spa Waters.

Scientifically combined in Fynnon Salt, these Spa minerals become the most thorough and natural of remedies. One teaspoonful taken in a tumblerful of water daily gently revitalises liver and kidneys, penetrates deep into joint and muscle and breaks down the stubborn acid crystals. The residue is then rinsed away, along with toxins and waste food matter, so that the system is refreshed through and through. Pain and swelling soon go; stiffness goes. In their place you get rousing, supple health. To preserve this, make your "daily Fynnon" a regular habit. Large tins (a month's supply) 1/3 from all chemists.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Will Gordon Lose Title?

AN enterprising firm of bookmakers recently offered clients 4 to 1 against naming the season's champion jockey. The odds, at first glance, appeared to be really generous, but, when close stock was taken of the winning list, the question arose whether Gordon Richards' supremacy is on the wane.

It will be agreed that Gordon has had a wonderful run and, even if he does not lift the title again, he has set up records that are not likely to be surpassed. But he is a mere youngster compared with many of his confreres, and I cannot believe that his powers are declining.

As I write, Michael Beary, "Midge" Richardson, Tommy Weston, Dick Perryman and Eph Smith are racing "neck and neck" with Gordon for the lead in the jockeys' list. Of this company, only Smith is Gordon's junior. Most of those who think there will be a new champion at the end of the current season regard Smith as the one who will oust the titleholder.

A good rider is young Smith. He has a nice style, is cool and well-mannered, makes few mistakes and is not likely to have a swelled head. But, as yet, he has not impressed me as having that forceful drive, that will-to-win urge that characterises the riding of Gordon Richards.

Collectively, we have as capable a company of flat-race jockeys at the present time as at any period since the war. Most of the seniors are retaining their form wonderfully well, and among apprentices such lads as K. Mullins, G. Wells, R. Lacey, V. Mitchell and J. Gilbert show exceptional promise.

In my opinion, however, it is not 4 to 1 against naming the season's champion. Bar accidents as we say when summing up Grand National chances, I think it is odds on Gordon being clear of the field at the wind-up of the 1939 campaign at Manchester.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, April 27, to Wednesday, May 3.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

96KWK96 would read TARAN.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. M94Z2DS9896 would read DELLMONT.

LIVE Yeast is LIFE!

The Finest TONIC

Owing to its 'LIFE' and great richness in *all* the B Vitamins, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a splendid GENERAL TONIC and natural remedy for INDIGESTION and NERVES. . . . By ensuring perfect assimilation of food it restores VIGOUR and VITALITY and converts a jaded, tired person into a being full of Life and Energy. PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains No Drug and is safe for all.

All Chemists
50 Tablets 1/3
150 " 3/-
Vest-pocket Size . . . 6d.

Phillips TONIC YEAST

CROSSWORD No. 151
TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 36 is presented the 151st of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudicating Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Dexter C. B. M. Joad, M.A., D. Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle figure.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle figure appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, May 18, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new SLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by endorsing with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 36. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie on this the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one such prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

I WAS ALMOST BALD

"About six months ago my hair began to come out, and the falling continued until at least half of it had completely disappeared.

"I used Kotalko and Kotalko Soap . . . My head is covered with beautiful, strong hair, of which I am very proud, and this after being almost bald."

STOP LOSING YOUR HAIR

Follow the example of Mr. A. Rogers and grow a fine head of Hair by using KOTALKO True Hair Grower and KOTALKO Scalp and Hair Soap. You will quickly see your Hair growing rapidly, thick and long, and you will be proud of it like Mr. Rogers and so many others.

KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER WAKES UP THE ROOTS

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO, Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP —the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd. 8, Percy St. (52.L.6) London, W.1

Please send me, post paid, Trial Package of KOTALKO, and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions, for which I enclose 2d. in stamps.

Name.....

Address.....

SKIN DISEASES
AMAZING NEW DISCOVERY

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, eczema-eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto Tablets for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world." (A.B. 1031.) (Signed) Mr. E. J. Beauchamp.

Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy, acts like magic; no skin disease can resist its curative action. It actually restores the natural power of healing to the blood. Thousands have already found quick relief and permanent cure, and are expressing praise and amazement at the wonderful results. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue and it is the pleasantest, cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE!

"The Story of Elasto" is the title of an interesting booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with a generous free sample, and copies of recent testimonials. Write for them to-day. Now while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed.

ELASTO (Dept. 15-A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Just a pimple . . .

a speck of dirt . . .

burning inflammation . .

another victim of

blood-poisoning

WHY RISK IT?

Your surest protection against dirt-bred germs is to use Family Health Soap daily!

It might be you—or yours—next! A tiny break in the skin, so small that you may not notice it, may be a wide-open gate for dirt-bred germs. Yet it's so easy to be safe. The rich antiseptic lather of Family Health Soap is your proved defence. Wash regularly with Family Health. Get a tablet today — make every wash a protection!

3d. PER TABLET

FAMILY HEALTH
THE SAFETY SOAP
MAKES EVERY WASH A PROTECTION!

KH 38-501 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.10—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

Your thumb opens & shuts it!

WAFER-THIN POCKET TIN

Famous Stomach Tablets *in* NEW SLIDE-TOP 50 TIN

The last word in compactness and convenience! A wafer-thin tin, for pocket or handbag, holding 50 Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets ready for instant use. With one hand you take out the tin and slide back the top. Pop two or three tablets into your mouth—and indigestion, acidity, heartburn, flatulence disappear in a twinkling.

INSTANT RELIEF *from* STOMACH PAIN

• • •

Stomach sufferers know how quickly Maclean Brand Stomach Powder stops stomach pain and corrects Indigestion. Now you can save yourself hours of misery if you have Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets always at hand. Carry this new slide-top tin with you wherever you go.

New Slide-Top Tin of 50 Tablets, 1/3
Pocket Hinged-lid Tin of 25 Tablets, 9D
Pocket Hinged-lid Tin of 15 Tablets, 6D

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Tablets

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

URACE for RHEUMATISM

FREE SAMPLE!

From Rowley & Phillips Ltd. 20a Bancroft, London, E.C.1

From your Chemist, 1/6 & 2/-

Continuing "Consider Your Verdict"

Murder Suspect Vanished

village doctor was called. After his examination and after hearing what Monson had to say the doctor decided Hambrough had tripped and, in falling, shot himself with his own gun.

"We were in the woods," said Monson, "Scott and I together and Hambrough a little way apart, and hidden from us. He was using the 20-bore gun.

"He fired a shot, and I called out to him: 'What have you got?' There was no reply.

"On reaching the end of the wood we turned back to see what he was doing, and we came on him lying by the side of a ditch. The gun was against him."

Scott gave the same account, confirming all details. Plainly it seemed to be an accident—just one of those unfortunate accidents that can so easily happen to a man carrying *a short-barrelled gun.*

There are no inquests in Scotland, but in cases of sudden or violent deaths an enquiry is made in private by the district Procurator Fiscal.

HEARING the doctor, hearing Monson, the Fiscal was satisfied with the accident theory, and Hambrough's body was borne south to be buried in the family vault at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, on an estate that one day he would have inherited.

Scott faded from the picture to go no one knew where, and the whole tragic affair seemed to be ended.

But then the insurance money was claimed. The company made its routine enquiries—and learned things which caused disquiet among the directors.

Around Ardlamount there was gossip among the village folk from which it appeared that young Hambrough, when he left the house, was carrying the 12-bore gun and not the short-barrelled 20-bore.

With the 12-bore the accident as described could scarcely have happened.

Further, there was the suggestion that Monson had made a false statement about the insurance to the Fiscal.

So quite properly the insurance company, for its own protection, laid this fresh information before him.

PROMPTLY he reopened his investigation. He balanced the *known facts* against this and that contradiction, and decided the shooting accident was highly suspicious.

Monson was arrested and charged with the murder of his pupil, and the body was exhumed from its quiet churchyard grave.

Medical experts reported that the young man had been shot at point-blank range with pellets from a 12-bore sporting gun.

And another discovery was made about the boating accident on the night before his death. *There were indications that a hole had been newly bored and plugged in the bottom of the boat used by Monson and Hambrough.*

We have here, said the police, evidence that the boat mishap was a deliberate attempt to drown young Hambrough, who could not swim. That murder plot failed, hence the next day's shooting "accident."

The charge of attempted murder was added against Alfred John Monson.

During this time police were looking for Scott. He was wanted on the double murder and attempted murder charges as Monson's accomplice.

Where was Scott? He could not be traced anywhere in Britain. He had just vanished from the moment he left Ardlamount. But his past life was revealed.

His real name was Edward Sweeney, otherwise Edward Davis. The name Scott was a second alias assumed for the Ardlamount visit.

At the trial of Monson in Edinburgh absentee Scott was dealt with according to Scottish procedure and a sentence of outlawry pronounced.

For ten days the trial was fought with extraordinary legal skill by the defence.

The prosecution contended, on the attempted murder charge, that Scott drilled the hole in the boat, and that Monson spoiled the murder plan by withdrawing the plug too soon while the boat was still in shallow water.

Scott, waiting ashore, was to row out a second boat to pick up Monson.

A fantastic proposition, said the defence. Because if such had been the course of events Hambrough would have been well aware of the attempt on his life, and would have denounced the two on his return to Ardlamount.

There was nothing at all to show the boat accident did not happen as Monson described it.

On the murder count, the Crown maintained that the circumstantial evidence pointed—without reasonable doubt—to Monson and Scott having laid in wait for Hambrough as he came through the wood, and to Monson having shot him.

TWO witnesses gave their opinion that from the nature of the wound it could not have been accidental. The doctor who first saw the body at Ardlamount said that he *would never have assumed* the shooting was accidental if he had not been told Hambrough was carrying a short-barrelled gun.

It was impossible, said the experts, for the wounds to have been *deliberately* self-inflicted. Thus suicide was ruled out if the defence had countered with that idea.

Every point made by the prosecution was fairly and effectively answered by the defence. A witness was produced who declared he had injured himself by accidental shooting in exactly the same way it was suggested Hambrough died.

SO in the end, after a summing-up which inclined in favour of the accused, the puzzle was left to the jury.

They were beaten by it. And they took refuge in the Scottish legal let-out of 'Not proven," which is the unsatisfactory compromise between innocence and guilt and for always must leave a stigma on the person charged.

I confess that from the records it is hard to make up my mind.

The case for the Crown was initially prepared in a slovenly fashion, leaving too many loose tags. Much more might have been done to clear up discrepancies—and would have been done in these days.

On balance I think there was a great amount of reasonable doubt, and that Monson was entitled to its benefit.

At a similar trial in England, with the case prepared as it was and defended as it was, he would, I feel certain, have been acquitted.

Do you, my jury, feel the same certainty, or do you consider the doubts raised were unreasonable?

Why did not Scott surrender when he knew the police of the whole country were looking for him?

There was no substantial evidence against him on either the murder or attempted murder charges. I do not imagine the judge would have let the charges go to the jury. Yet he preferred not to face questions.

In view of the "Not-Proven" verdict later, acting as a stage conjuror's assistant. Then, on his arrest and appearance in court, the old-time sentence of outlawry was quashed.

In view of the "non-proven" verdict against Monson no other proceedings could be taken against Scott.

What was the story he could have told of that woodland shooting excursion from which a young heir never returned?

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Pools Parliament

ON Saturday the last full programme of the football season will be played. And so another Pools Parliament reaches the end of its session.

I hope you have enjoyed it as well as I have.

Although I have only been able to use a small proportion of your letters, I have answered many thousands by post.

I have tested out many hundreds of your systems, have adapted my own systems to suit particular readers' individual requirements.

To be honest, I have learnt quite a lot in doing so.

* * *

I have been "slanged" by some of you. Where the letters haven't been anonymous, I haven't minded.

Far more of you have written to thank me because, I am glad to say, my help has enabled you to win dividends.

It hasn't been a bad season. Don't you agree?

We've been able to welcome some new pools, a few of which promise to become very popular. But we've had to say good-bye to a few favourites.

The five-results pool, which I always liked, has disappeared from the coupons.

There has been a tendency to go back to results pools. More than one points pool has been abandoned in their favour. But it is understandable.

Assessing a pool on points should result in bigger dividends—but how disappointing it is to get every forecast but one right and yet miss a dividend.

Then I'm not sorry the promoters decided to limit the size of first dividends in favour of higher minor dividends.

You may have noticed, however, that this year there have been few occasions on which the limits have been reached. That means there has been a higher proportion of winners this season, which is again all to the good.

But let us relegate all that to past history, where it belongs.

A word of advice about the future: If you are interested enough to keep records of results, etc., get them all in order *now*, before they get lost.

Then, when you feel inclined to spend some of your summer working out a new system, all the information you require will be ready.

We'll soon be together again—international situation permitting. So for the present: "Goodbye and Good Luck."

Special penny entries designed by "Poolex" to assist the small investor appear in the "Sporting Life Weekly" every Saturday. These tables form one of the many useful features included in the "Weekly's" comprehensive pools service.

Graded Guide

(Copyright by "Poolex")

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, April 29.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (°) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked °; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

April 29, 1939.	A	B	C
1 Barnsley v. Lincoln	1	x	
2 Watford v. Northampton	1	2	
3 Preston N.E. v. Chelsea	1	x	°
4 Ayr v. Third Lanark	1	2	
5 Ipswich v. Walsall	1	x	
6 Millwall v. Tranmere	1	x	
7 Everton v. Aston V.	1	x	
8 Crystal P. v. Notts C.	1	2	
9 New Brighton v. Chester	1	2	
10 St. Johnstone v. Arbroath	1	x	°
11 Hibernian v. Motherwell	1	2	
12 Bolton v. Manchester U.	1	2	°
13 Albion R. v. Raith R.	1	2	
14 Clapton O. v. Swindon	1	x	
15 Torquay v. Southend	1	x	
16 Newport v. Port Vale	1	x	°
17 Notts F. v. Plymouth	1	x	°
18 Exeter v. Q.P.R.	1	2	
19 Reading v. Bournemouth	1	2	
20 W.B.A. v. Norwich	1	x	°
21 Accrington v. Stockport	1	x	
22 Stoke v. Charlton	1	2	
23 Sheffield W. v. Tottenham	1	2	
24 Brighton v. Bristol R.	1	x	°
25 Swansea v. Bradford	1	2	
26 Manchester C. v. Chesterfield	1	2	
27 Hamilton v. Hearts	1	x	
28 Partick v. Falkirk	1	x	
29 Darlington v. York	1	x	
30 Barrow v. Gateshead	1	2	
31 Coventry v. Sheffield U.	1	2	
32 Clyde v. Kilmarnock	1	x	
33 Stenhousemuir v. Alloa	1	x	
34 Brentford v. Blackpool	2	1	
35 Southampton v. Barnsley	2	x	
36 Crewe v. Rotherham	2	1	
37 Montrose v. Dundee	2	x	
38 Derby v. Arsenal	2	1	
39 Aberdeen v. Rangers	2	x	°
40 Bristol R. v. Aldershot	2	x	°
41 Fulham v. Bury	2	x	°
42 Birmingham v. Leeds	2	1	
43 Oldham v. Hull	2	1	
44 Carlisle v. Rochdale	2	x	
45 Queen's P. v. Queen of S.	2	1	
46 Newcastle v. Luton	2	x	
47 Cardiff v. Mansfield	2	x	
48 Southport v. Doncaster	2	x	°
49 Sunderland v. Huddersfield	2	1	
50 St. Mirren v. Celtic	2	1	

F.A. Cup Final: WOLVERHAMPTON W.

The Graded Guide for the English League matches to be played on May 6 will appear next week.

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You cannot afford to sit back and wait for next week's Monster Holiday Offer when this week's opportunities are so well worth grasping. Get busy now on the first Clue below and you may well be Winner No. 1 when Joy Wire day arrives on Friday, May 12!

ACROSS CLUES

3. Is the cause of much laughter in some pantomimes
6. It's seldom easy for master to correct schoolboys'
8. Slippery fish
9. Orator on street corner at election time is sometimes this
13. Motorist is apt to be annoyed when he is held up by
14. It's foolish to throw this away
15. Sculptor sometimes models figures in
19. Is often a bit awkward
20. Should tell you something about the quality when buying salmon
21. Laid by a hen
22. It may be worth while examining pupils in this

DOWN CLUES

1. Big one is usually very powerful
2. One may look attractive though full of craft
4. Playing-card
5. Few people take the trouble to study this carefully
7. Some people go to Paris to do this for a few days
10. Is apt to make things look very black
11. Stupid scholar isn't likely to understand teacher's
12. Clever architect may be able to work in a number of different ones
14. Actress may occasionally make use of this in stage part
16. It's not easy to break
17. Food for army at war must be supplied in
18. Consumed

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(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to: "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 36, Bedford St., W.C.2

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1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, May 4, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Friday, May 5.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 18. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, May 23, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £350 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 33.

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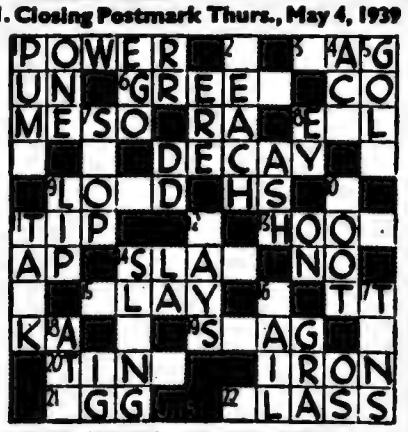
Each sender of Crossword Entry value 2s. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Pension plus Celebration Week-end Offer appearing on page 39. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.

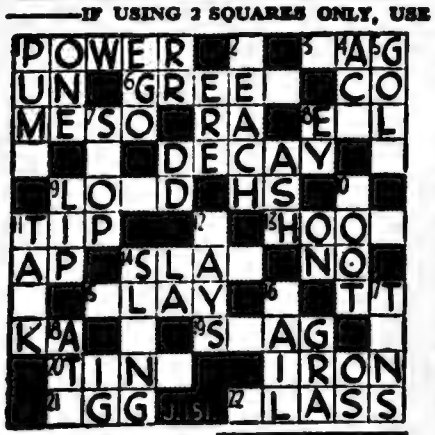
X-Word No. 149 Result will appear with next week's GIANT OFFER.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 151. Closing Postmark Thurs., May 4, 1939



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

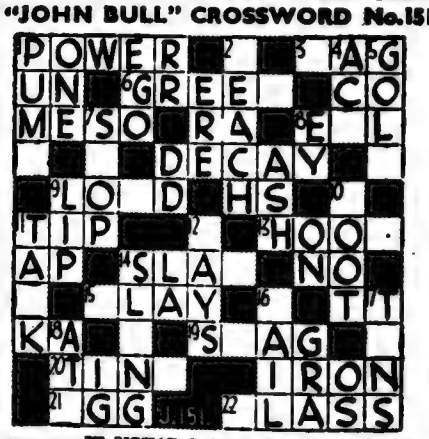
SIGNED .....

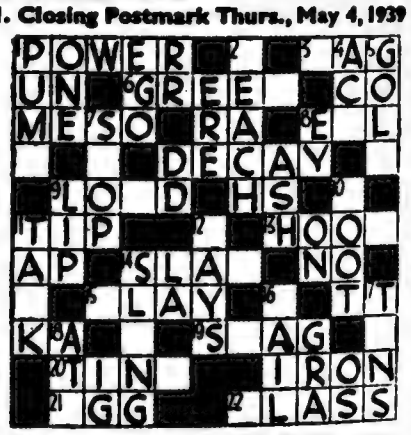
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 151. Closing Postmark Thurs., May 4, 1939





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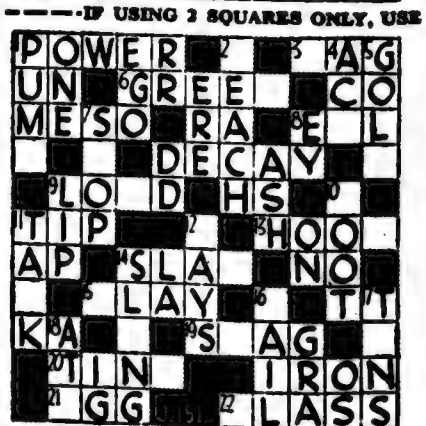
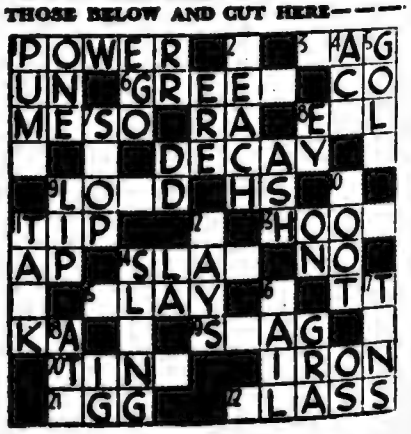




In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

P.O. value .....

No. .....

6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.
8 SQUARES 2s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 151, "JOHN BULL," 97, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

HUGE ONE-WEEK HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!

The Kid - - - - - - - by LEES

The Editor Laughs Last

DON (Chester).—"I'm going to join the motoring fraternity and should like to see some good second-hand cars." So should we.

E. N. (Bath).—"I told him it was time he repaid the fiver I lent him before Christmas." See letter below.

L. J. (Bath).—"I told him it was not a question of time but of money." See letter above.

D. M. (Barnes).—"Wolves are said to be gradually going northwards in Russia." In this country they will soon be as far south as Wembley.

R. E. (Balham).—"I decided to have my fortune told by the gipsy with my last sixpence." Well, that *was* your fortune, wasn't it?

T. E. (Epsom).—"What is there to stop me earning a living with my pen?" What you write.

T. B. (Polegate).—"I refuse to take 'No' for an answer." What do you take it for, then—a question?

MRS. B. N. (Rainham).—"While I was having my face lifted in the beauty parlour, my handbag disappeared." So that was lifted, too!

F. M. (Coventry).—"I told my landlady I was getting tired of fresh fish for breakfast, so what do you think she gave me the next morning?" Stale fish.

MISS P. (Cambridge).—"I turned, horror-stricken, to find a face staring at me through the window. Can you guess who it was?" The window-cleaner?

ORATOR (Leeds).—"I always require a glass of water on my table when making a public speech. This is to drink." We thought perhaps that you finished your performance with a high dive.

R. B. (Lincoln).—"I had just put my watch on that extra hour when a pickpocket extracted it from my waistcoat." Never mind, he will have to put it back when summer-time comes to an end.

F. L. (Derby).—"I have just arrived back here, after walking all round England, still with the half-crown I had when I set out on my journey." Was it a bad one?

D. A. (Denbigh).—"My wife never does a thing I tell her, yet, when we married, she promised to obey." Oh, well, she didn't want to make a scene in the church.

R. M. (Exeter). — "When my wife asked me for the housekeeping cheque yesterday I was very surprised and puzzled to discover that I was overdrawn at the bank." In other words, you could not make it out.

"Bullets" Illustrated:
From the Sea—
Dad Pulled—Dab
Wasn't!

S. N. (Harlesden).—"The second-hand car I've just bought simply passes belief." Does it pass anything else?

A. T. (Willesden).—"It's a very risky business allowing dogs to lick their owners' faces." We're not smitten with the looks of some owners, either.

D. H. (Maesteg). — "My daughter's voice never seems to blend with a piano accompaniment." Why not try the bagpipes?

S. F. (Wisbech).—"I had some fine cards, but was not dashing enough to make the tricks I should have done." A hot hand spoilt by cold feet, as it were.

A. D. (Kew).—"I have played cricket in the same flannel trousers for the past twenty years." Surely they will be on their last legs this coming season?

H. L. (Ripon).—"I took up motoring as a hobby, but when my car crashed into a shop window I gave it up." You were through with it.

R. L. (Oxted).—"He made me a present of £20, and, when I protested, he told me he would be offended if I refused it. So what could I say?" Thank you.

H. K. (Frimley). — "When I called to see one of my tenants his dog tore a large hole in my coat." That wasn't the rent you wanted, of course.

SCHOOLBOY (Colne).—"When I grow up I hope to be able to buy a car. I've already got a crank for it." Well, that's useful to start with!

R. K. (Harwich).—"Don't you think it is just possible that greenfly serve some useful purpose in the garden after all?" Of course not; otherwise the neighbours would have tried to borrow ours long ago.

DORIS K. (Burnley). — "I can truthfully say that all my good looks are inherited." See letter below.

MR. K. (Burnley). — "My daughter Doris was left a beauty parlour by a rich relative when she was only seventeen." See letter above.

T. F. (Rowfant).—"There is one important thing to remember about even the most modern radio sets to ensure consistent reception." To keep up the payments?

B. L. (Bognor).—"There's no catch in this. An oil painting of mine valued at a hundred guineas I'm now prepared to offer for sale for sixpence." Go on—we'll buy it!

W. M. (Bedford).—"At the age of thirty I was left a comparatively rich man." Whatever did you do with him?

MRS. F. (N. London).—"I'm going by the *Queen Mary* to America soon, but whatever shall I do if I feel seasick?" Don't worry; you'll do it all right.

V. N. (Shoreham).—"I tried a new barber this morning, but he took nearly half an hour to shave me." He must stammer rather badly?

MRS. W. (Manchester).—"Why must a woman take a man's name when she marries?" Why not? She takes everything else.

PROUD FATHER (Bagshot).—"I have heard that my son is pursuing a promising career at Oxford." Who told you—his tutors or his creditors?

MRS. H. (Tamworth). — "Once again my husband has left me, and I am very much afraid that he has gone for good this time." Why, has he taken the dartboard with him?

C. E. W. (Portsmouth).—"Have you any spare Cup Final tickets?" No—but we can offer tickets for a Week-end in London, with a Life Pension thrown in. See page 39.

E. N. (Taunton).—"Everybody should adopt the slogan 'Thumbs Up' during these anxious days." We wish we could persuade our waiter to do so when he serves the soup.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark Envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SOUTHPORT VISITER:—"There would be 100 per cent. protection against all known methods of aerial WELFARE."

IRISH NEWS:—"Seeing what he thought might be a BUS travelling along Farringdon Road, the conductor handed it to a policeman on point duty."

THE DERBYSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"... won two firsts and one second with his WIFE FOX terrier puppy ..."

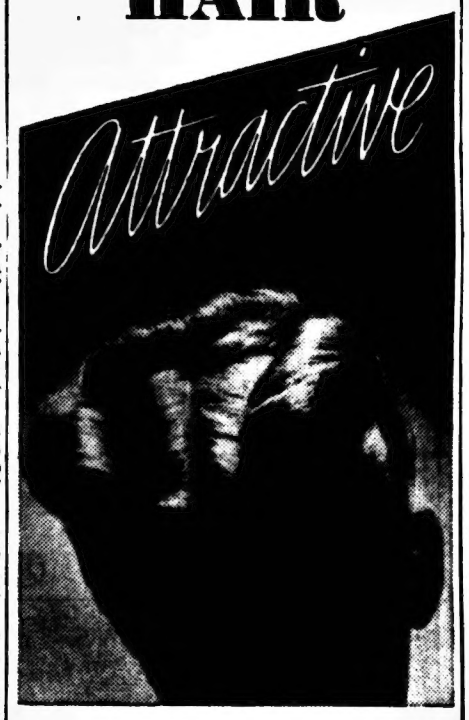
RETFORD AND GAINSBRO TIMES:—"... both miners told him they brought a message from their MELLOW workers."

WESTERN GAZETTE:—"... in cutting out children's garments they should LOSE the very latest patterns."

BOURNEMOUTH ECHO:—"... for a final roll-call to make sure that ONLY authorised people were present."

How to make

DULL DRY HAIR



End DRY SCALP *this quick, easy way*

IF your hair's dry, it's the first sign of coming dandruff and scurf. Your hair gets dull and dead-looking, brittle. It splits and breaks and starts falling out. The cause is DRY SCALP.

But you can quickly end this Dry Scalp condition. Always before you shampoo, sprinkle on a little "Vaseline" Hair Tonic — massage with the finger-tips until your scalp tingles pleasantly.

Then shampoo with "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo. It's *soapless*, which means no powdery scum is left in your hair. It cleanses thoroughly, your hair gleams with new lights, "sets" better.

Use "Vaseline" Hair Tonic as a dressing, too. A little on your hair keeps it in place and brings out the hidden high lights. And it is so economical in use — you need only a little for a massage. 1/6 a bottle, also large economy sizes 2/6 and 3/-. "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo 4d. (Prices and free offer not applicable to Eire.)

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER! For a trial bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and a packet of "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo send only two penny stamps (to cover postage, etc.), with name and address (in block letters) to Dept. WJB 26, Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., London, N.W.10.

PS. *Don't forget to use "Vaseline" Soapless Shampoo*

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET

(from actual photo)

To get relief from indigestion you must take the burning fire out of excess stomach acid. In recent tests, this kind of acid burned a hole right through a carpet. These tests also proved that RENNIE tablets can make burning excess stomach acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach *full-strength*. They are not diluted with water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining.

With *excess acid* made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat anything. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, carried loose in pocket or handbag—no fussing with glasses of water. One delighted user says, "I call them 'Rennies' from heaven." Every chemist sells Digestif RENNIE Brand Tablets. Large trial size, 6d. Four times as much 1/9.

DIGESTIF
RENNIES
NO WATER NEEDED

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK

IT ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH if it isn't

TOP MILL SNUFF

HOT ACHING FEET

Whenever your feet ache, sting, swell, or are sore, chafed, or feverish—use Dr. Scholl's Massage Cream for immediate relief. Invigorating, penetrating; soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and aching joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; dispels foot odour. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price 6d. and 2/6 per jar.

D'Scholls MASSAGE CREAM

PILES!

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3s. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take Do Wittis Brand Little Lazaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

Wonderful Offer to sufferers of

CATARRH

—Send for Free Particulars

•So confident are the proprietors of the efficacy of a good remedy for the treatment of catarrhal troubles, including Head Noises, Catarrhal Deafness, etc., that sufferers are offered a trial under guarantee. Turn to p. 31 now while you think of it, and fill in and post the Coupon for full particulars of this offer, together with a copy of a 32-page book, "The Only Way to End Catarrh for Good." It's Free! Send the Coupon Now!

—Turn to page 31

Just a Human Story

"I'm Just Ordinary!"

"PLEASE, JOHN BULL, take up the case of deserted wives," writes a Lancashire woman.

"My own life has been drab and uneventful, I know," she says. "Nothing of public interest has happened to me. Yet the details I give might help to persuade you to give a little thought to women like myself."

Drab? Uneventful? Nothing of interest happens to her? Well, you shall be the judge of that.

* * *

She goes on:—

In 1925 I was compelled to make a home for myself and my five children. I was granted 30s. a week out of my husband's £4 10s. to £5 wages, and for a little time managed quite well.

Then he lost his job. Well, a sort of don't-care spirit seized him. Our little income came to an end. Sir, I cannot tell you how we have struggled.

Throughout the early years we lived on the pound a week I earned by scrubbing twelve hours a day the whole week through.

We knew what it was to go hungry. Our Christmas dinner one year consisted of two ounces of boiled ham and nothing else. We rarely had a fire.

All the time these children have been my one thought. But I don't want to moan. Our story hasn't turned out as dismal as all that.

My eldest boy has got an excellent job as a costing clerk. My second boy has passed his cap and gown examination with honours for the violin, and is doing well in his career.

My eldest girl is a nurse, happy in her job, well liked. God took my next boy, which leaves me with one girl of thirteen, still going to school.

Now, at fifty, I am going back into the mill. I have had an interview this week. As soon as there are four looms empty I am to have them.

My children don't want their mother to do it, but that's nonsense.

I want my boys to marry whenever they have the mind. I want them to be able to save the money to buy good homes, homes that will befit men with good careers.

* * *

P.S.—I am not expecting you to print this letter. I am quite an ordinary person leading a very ordinary life. But do say a word for the "grass widows" sometime if you can.

Burglars Used Front Door

A JURY has just decided the fate of two men.

The trial concerned the mystery of a house that was robbed at dead of night.

Noiselessly, without alarming anybody in the vicinity, somebody picked away the lead strip that held panes of glass in place in the front door.

Just enough glass was removed to allow the entrance of a hand and wrist.

The lock was turned from inside, and within a few minutes some of the valuables in the house had been stolen.

Whose the hand? That was for the police to probe and a jury to decide.

JOHN BULL had one duty alone as far as that burglary was concerned—a duty it has fulfilled.

It has sent the householder a cheque in respect of stolen goods—all because, by the simple act of signing a coupon, he had qualified for the protection of our unique free family insurance gift.

And in his gratitude that householder has written to say:

"Thank you for settlement of my claim. Though it must have been small compared with many others you receive, I now feel safe and secure in the knowledge that should misfortune befall my wife, myself or our home, JOHN BULL will keep its promise."

Do you feel safe and secure like that West Country reader? If not, why not turn to page 2 *now*?

There you will find the coupon he signed, and which gave him such wide protection. Your signature will make you just as safe as him.

LIFE PENSION

Win over

£1,000

IN 'BULLETS' PENSION CHEQUES

DURING NEXT 20 YEARS—INCOME CONTINUING FOR LIFE

Mr. V. Mellors

ALREADY 36 entrants in our *Bullets* Contests are drawing life incomes from Long Acre, simply for shaping a few simple words into a *Bullet*. One of the latest "Bulleteers" to capture a fine Pension First Prize was Mr. V. Mellors, "Conwyn," Forest Lane, Papplewick, Notts.

To celebrate capturing his £5 Monthly for Life, this young poultry farmer was privileged to bring his wife to London for a Celebration Week-end. In this week's big Offer, not only the Pension First Prize-winner but also the Second and Third Prizewinners will be invited to enjoy Celebration Week-ends for Two.

Start on your road to a splendid Cash-plus-Celebration success as soon as you have read through the simple instructions on opposite page.

COUPONS AND "EXAMPLES" ON NEXT PAGE

'BULLETS' 1,165 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE 20s. Weekly for Life—or £250 Cash:

Mrs. JUDSON, 276, Selby Road, Halton, Leeds.

Example: GRIM TRUTH
Bullet: ISN'T KNOWN "ABOUT GERMANY."

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

W. B. COLBROOK, 38a, Pasture Street, Grimsby, Lincs.
Example: Why The World's Upset
Bullet: Nobody's "Tripped Up" Warmongers.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

A. WELLS, Qua-Fen Common, Soham, Ely, Cambs.
Example: In Life's Springtime
Bullet: Don't Imagine "Spring's" Lifetime!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: T. A. CLARK, 24, Severn Street, Hull.
In Life's Business—Be His "Errand-boy"!

£9: R. WALLACE, 57, Brandwood Avenue, Choriton, Manchester.
"Dear Sir, Unless——"—Hitler's "Bailiffs" Arrive Simultaneously!

£8: W. A. MANNING, 65, Pendennis Road, Streatham, London, S.W.
When She Stops—Chasing Lover, "Running" Husband.

£7: F. GARLAND, 89, Mortlake Road, Ilford, Essex.
Made Him Respected—Defying "Talk"—Obeying "Voice."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£6: Mrs. E. F. CLAYTON, 42, Fairlight Avenue, N. Chingford, London, E.
Worrying — Mrs. Chamberlain, Neville's "Peace."

£5: J. McOUAN, 35, King's Place, Rosyth, Dunfermline.
When Wifey's Spring-cleaning—"Conscription" Isn't Just *Discussed*!

£4: A. W. DAVIES, 204, Freeman Street, Grimsby, Lincs.
Fate's Bombshells—Falling Thick, Falling Sick.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £3 EACH:

M. ASH, 15, Gosport Road, Fareham, Hants.
When Wifey's Spring-cleaning—I'm Her "Prince *Charring*."

E. BURGOYNE, 7, Darlington Road, Withington, Manchester.
When Wifey's Spring-cleaning—House Stinks Of Cleanliness!

A. DOMONEY, 33, Selbourne Street, Loughborough, Leics.
When She Learned—Salary, Hubby Needed "Shelter"!

S. HULME, 102, Rollason Road, Holbrooks, Coventry.
Her People—Fill Car—Forget Tank!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. H. LINSTEAD, 112, Northview Drive, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.
Unemployment's Heritage—"Coming To Sign, Dad?"

Miss A. PARISH, 201, Gwendolen Road, Leicester.
He's A Bachelor, So—Only "Arrears," Washing Up.

B. SPURWAY, 12, Queen's Road, Banbury, Oxon.
Unemployment's Blight—Goes To Manhood's "Roots."

E. STANDISH, 17, Derwentwater Grove, Leeds.
If Sonny Enlists—*Our* "Hearts" Being "Tested."

D. THOMPSON, 57, Hornsey Lane, Highgate, London, N.
Cooling Down—Dad's Incinerator—And Neighbours!

F. WILLIAMS, Flat 64, Taymount Grange, Queens Road, London, S.E.
When Wifey's Spring-cleaning—"*I'll* Do Sideboard, Henry!"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of 2-in-1 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co/. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Big Cheques & CELEBRATION WEEK-ENDS!

20! WEEKLY for LIFE

1ST PRIZE – OR £250 CASH IF PREFERRED

1169

'BULLETS' 1st Prize Joy Wire FRIDAY, MAY 19

And CELEBRATION WEEK-END FOR TWO

2ND PRIZE £25 CASH and CELEBRATION WEEK-END for TWO

3RD PRIZE £10 CASH AND CELEBRATION WEEK-END FOR TWO

100 Thrills AWAIT "JOHN BULL'S" 6 GUESTS

First, Second and Third Prizewinners this week will be invited to enjoy with a companion a glorious Week-end at "John Bull's" expense. Your Week-end Prize, which may be taken in London, at the Seaside, or wherever you wish, will comprise all Fares, Hotel Accommodation and Entertainment for Two.

GO WHERE YOU LIKE WHEN YOU LIKE—FREE!

6,242 OTHER AWARDS

£9	£8	£7
£6	£5	£4
£3	10 of £2·10	

25 OF 10/-

200 2-IN-1 SURPRISE AWARDS

6,000 GOOD SHOT AWARDS

ONE WEEK ONLY CLOSING POSTMARK SAT., MAY 6

HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, against the *Example*, MADE BABY LAUGH, you might jot down *Father's Attempts To Pacify It*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, MADE BABY LAUGH—FATHER'S "*Please* STOP CRYING"!

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,165th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the *Examples* promptly, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, May 6.

ADDED ATTRACTION: Last six "Examples" in list are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD
ON THE WARPATH
OUR TERRIERS
EVERY MAN
WHEN TWILIGHT LOOMS
TIME TO STOP
FATHER'S FIELDING, SO
IF SHE COULD
IT'S A LONG WAY, BUT
HIKERS
SHOWING HIS TEETH
ALTERED A LOT
NEXT TIME
FOR GOLD
HE FELL IN LOVE AND
DONE FOR
THANKS TO MR. MIDDLETON
MUST LIVE
AUNTIE'S TRYING, BUT
MADE BABY LAUGH

Incomplete "Examples"—see column 1:

MUSSOLINI'S .....
..... OF HOPE
IF GRANDPA .....
SURE TO .....
NEVER .....
UNLESS WE .....

GET THIS HELP FREE

Scores of First Prize-winners have attributed their success to the practical aid of *Bullets Bulletin*, our free weekly guide to the prize-list. Use coupon on page 36 to secure weekly supply or apply to JOHN BULL on penny postcard to receive specimen copy

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,169) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 6.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,169) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 6.

Signed .....
Address .....

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,169 and Crossword No. 152, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, May 6.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,169) | Closing postmark SAT., MAY 6.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, MAY 6.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,169, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,169 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 won by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,164 will be displayed in the window of W. C. Finch, 203/205, Hanworth Road, Hounslow.

Should you wish to enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

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